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TABLE OF CONTENTS



EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.....	Gertrude Collins, '38.....	3
YANKEE DOODLE GOES TO TOWN.....	Margaret A. Cahill, '38.....	6
AFTER-MATH	Audrey Swendeman, '39.....	13
EPILOGUE FOR A DRAMA— <i>Verse</i>	Gertrude Collins, '38.....	16
THE ETERNAL—SQUARE	Audrey Swendeman, '39.....	18
SKATING AT DUSK— <i>Verse</i>	Margaret A. Cahill, '38.....	26
ETUDE	Margaret E. Dolan, '38.....	27
CHARACTER ESSAYS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.....		30
ADVICE ON THINGS.....	Esther M. Farrington, '38....	33
WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE.....		37
EDITORIAL		41
THE THEATRE GUILD.....	Mary McGrory, '39.....	43
BOOK NOTES.....		48
E. C. ECHOES.....		54
ALUMNAE NEWS.....		56

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

SOMEWHERE back in 1912, a poem entitled *Renascence* appeared in the anthology *The Lyric Year*. Edna Millay, with this singularly auspicious beginning, took her place in the field of contemporary poetry and has since won the reputation—and justly so—of being America's foremost lyricist. Her career has borne careful consideration—marked, as it has been, by a series of peculiar transitions. Subjected to fair, critical analysis, Miss Millay's work yields to two conclusions. The one—she is unequalled in the lyric field, in the play of music and meaning complemented by wit and fantasy; the other—she is a thorough-going pagan who views life with a bitter scorn, and death with a pagan grief. One almost wishes Miss Millay were not in earnest, but until the recent publication of *Conversation at Midnight* she has been almost tragically sincere.

Poetry—in the post-War era at least—has been full of the lamentations of sensitive souls for faith they have lost or for the lack of an adequate substitute for faith, poetry written with the proverbial tear in the voice or sob in the soul, the bulk of which took on such gigantic proportions and became so definitely funny that no one took it seriously. To place Edna Millay on this shelf would be unfair, for whether she speaks with the voice of the ingenuous child or the disillusioned woman, she writes always as the very fine artist that she is. Her trouble, one senses, goes far beyond the surface—it dissolves itself in the age-old riddle of the universe, but a world, according to Miss Millay, in which man has neither strength nor the chance to escape the impending doom of oblivion. "She is a pagan with a troubled conscience and a peaceless heart," says Ludwig Lewisohn in his *Expression in America* in which he discusses fear of death among unbelievers. "At the core of modern life," he tells us, "there is a fear of life.

The old ideologies bore a great part of the burden of man's life for him. He prayed to his gods, fought for his country and begot his posterity within a framework that justified these things. Today he questions them when he still feigns to himself to believe. Guilt and fear are at the heart of all his fundamental acts and thoughts. His universe has been shattered into a multiverse; nothing binds him to it nor to his fellows. He lives and acts in a freak void unguided by any principle that makes his actions and thoughts within an intelligible world either coherent or satisfactory. All the old paths are obliterated. In view is a waste land. . . . It becomes more and more evident that naturalism, too, is gradually becoming enfeebled, because its activity could never transcend a critical stage. It helped me to flee from under a yoke, but had—and this is no reproach—no path nor goal to offer.” All of which presents an adequate case which may be traced from the early Millay volumes—specifically through *Second April* to *Wine From These Grapes*, in which Miss Millay reaches the climax of her poetic career with the sonnet sequence *Epitaph for the Race of Man*. This sequence is perhaps the finest thing of its kind that may be found in contemporary literature. It is hardly pleasant reading but there is a ringing honesty about it that dispels once and for all any question of sincerity. The deadly note of Man's extinction is sounded in the first group of sonnets and the question of Fate is weighed in a backward glance. There follows a paean of praise for Man's bravery and courage which gives way to the former melancholy note when Man's inherent weakness—his mortal weakness matched unequally and alone against Fate—resolves his final doom:

Man, doughty Man, what power has brought you low,
That heaven itself in arms could not persuade
To lay aside the lever and the spade
And be as dust among the dusts that blow?
Whence, whence the broadside? Whose the heavy blade? . . .
Strive not to speak, poor scattered mouth; I know!

Why must our finest and our most capable writers be victims of the paganism which sees man only as a struggling animal, fighting a valiant but losing fight to a wholly indefinite and

wholly impersonal fate? In the case of Miss Millay it is doubly disheartening.

Her latest publication, *Conversation at Midnight*, contains not the slightest semblance of a new renascence, nor is it even Millay. For some unknown reason she has decided to express herself as a man—or more exactly, seven men—in order, a stock-broker, a painter, a writer, a Roman Catholic priest, “a liberal and an aquatic,” and a writer of advertising copy. Through these (according to the publishers) she attempts to “dramatize the whole of modern life.” World affairs, war, revolution, capitalism, virtue, sin, the English language, women, fads, dogs, Bach and Stravinsky, sound and color, faith and doubt—these, but to name a few, are the topics which Miss Millay, in the person of seven men, discusses. It is all wrong, one feels, from the first page on. She has gone far afield—very far indeed—when she loses her individuality to the extent of writing after the fashion of Ogden Nash, with overtones of Jeffers and Sandburg. At first glance, it seems brilliant, if pretentious, stuff, but stripped of its veneer and surface froth it is not even clever.

When Miss Millay is not gathering figs from thistles or conversing at midnight, her work is a joy to read. It is hardly time to predict any gloomy artistic end for one whose work has ranked first in American poetry. One wonders if the prevalence of disbelief, the lack of sound philosophical values doesn't always lead from simple pessimism to a brittle “sophisticated smirk”—to borrow a phrase from Louis Untermeyer—in writing either prose or poetry. Miss Millay's case has all such distinctions.

YANKEE DOODLE GOES TO TOWN

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

DAN whirled moodily around the cinder track in the grey gloom of a winter dusk and wished for the thousandth time that he were back in Wellfleet. His whole college career, he thought bitterly, had been a series of stupid blunders. It had started the moment he arrived in the quiet college town, sunburned and brawny, carrying his battered old Gladstone. Walking up the green-arched street, he had started to whistle, in a desperate attempt to appear casual and unconcerned. His whistle, it seemed, was better suited to a fishing boat off the Cape than to this academical atmosphere. After a verbal scuffle with a group of Sophomores in which Dan came off a poor second, he was known derisively and irrevocably as "Yankee Doodle."

After thus getting off on the wrong foot, Dan had unhesitatingly put said foot into things on all occasions. He didn't understand the casual, easy manner of his classmates, and resented their use of his opprobrious nickname. Baffled by their bland superiority, he retired into a Cape Cod shell of reserve more impregnable than a turtle shell, and made no further attempts at friendship.

His worst mistake to date was falling in love with Marcia Trent. Of course it was unavoidable — everyone fell in love with Marcia. For Marcia was champagne and orchids, Bermuda in the spring, and the *Rue de la Paix*. She was glitter and glamour and the Easter parade — all in the person of a lovely amber-eyed, soft-voiced girl.

No one knew what had brought her so incongruously to this small, quiet campus. She should have been toasting her incomparable body on the sands of the Riviera, or bowing at the Court of Saint James. But, incredibly, here she was—studying, chat-

ting, pursuing an ordinary existence, but with an exquisite touch of reticence that set her apart from the others. She listened graciously to the infatuated babble of the dozens who dogged her incessantly. At proms, she watched the stampede of the stag line with a serene smile, and bestowed her favors impartially. She was friendly to Dan, seemingly unconscious of his blushes and stammerings. And by some strange chance, they met almost every morning near the library and walked across the campus together. Her walk, Dan thought, as he fell over his own feet in his efforts to watch her, was like the wind rippling through the long green marsh grass. He never told her that — but he told her a great deal.

He told her what Cape Codders did when summer visitors departed, and why he disliked *Soc. 2*, and how the ocean looked in a northeaster, and how suffocated he felt away from the fresh slap of the east wind and the pounding surf, and the heavy, salt-laden air of the marshes. He told her how he happened to get on the track team when he wanted to play football. He had never regarded track as a sport worthy of consideration. It seemed foolish running around and around a cinder track just to pass a stick of wood to another guy. He associated running with home. He used to run to school on winter mornings, his breath vaporizing in white clouds and his feet clanging on the frozen ground. He used to run on the beach, with the wind whistling past his ears, with Barnacle, the lively terrier, barking at seagulls and sand-pipers, with the sand yielding to his feet and the long curve of breaking waves before his eyes.

But one day, tearing down to football practice, he had almost run down a tall, thin man in a grey ulster. And the next day he found himself in an ill-fitting track suit, jogging and sprinting under the direction of this same man. He grew to like it and to like the slow, casual coach, who seemed to sense something of his isolation and loneliness, and who treated him in a friendly, man-to-man fashion that made him feel like something more than a stray pup. Coach Nelson thought he could run and sometimes Dan thought so, too. But not when there was any of the gang around. They thought it highly amusing to see him run and before the first indoor meet of the winter had prepared

a parody on "Yankee Doodle." When Dan heard it he didn't exactly stop in his tracks but he felt as if he'd been hit by a twenty foot wave. He lost the race. He lost again the following week and then pulled a tendon that kept him out for the season.

All summer long he told himself that it had just been his nerves, that a song couldn't affect you like that. But it was worse when he got back in the fall and he blundered along, breaking records in practice and placing third or fourth in local meets in spite of the hysterical pleas of the cheering section. And now it was only a week before the big intercollegiate meet — and Dan was entered in the mile. Coach Nelson was surprised to find that he had so few gray hairs, and five of Dan's classmates offered to do his term paper if he were too busy, and Dan privately hoped he'd break a leg before the meet. He could win the mile — if only that infernal song weren't dinned into his ears.

The night before the meet Dan was on his way to the train, pondering over his send-off from the fellows. Why, it was almost as if they really liked him! They had slapped him on the back, said they'd be there watching, wished him luck. But then, as he started out the door they began the song again. He slammed the door and broke into a run. He did not see the girl waiting on the station platform until she thrust out a small, gloved hand. Dan blushed crimson and dropped his bag.

"Good luck, Dan. I know you'll win!"

"M-M-Marcia!" Dan was still holding her hand, warm between his large, cold ones. "Are you coming to the meet?"

"Of course. I wouldn't miss it. It's your big night, Dan, and all your friends will be there."

"My friends!" All Dan's pent-up emotion burst forth. "They're not my friends. They never have been. They've always laughed at me and despised me. They call me 'Yankee Doodle.' If they sing that tomorrow night—I can't run. I tell you I can't. It just gets me every time I hear it."

"Dan," Marcia's face under the station light was earnest, "listen to me. You're all off on that. They do like you and they want you to win. I know, for I've talked to them and you

haven't. You've been shut in your shell and you've never given them a chance. Don't you see, Dan? That song is like a football cheer. They're with you—not against you."

"Marcia—that's straight? You're not kidding me?"

"That's straight, Dan. Remember—we're all rooting for you. Backing you to win. I know you can win."

"I will—now. And, Marcia—could you—I mean—would you go out with me some night? I've wanted to ask you for a long time—and I never dared. Will you?"

Marcia's face lighted impishly.

"Yes, Dan. I thought you'd never ask me."

She laughed at his open-mouthed astonishment and pushed him toward the slowly moving train. The coach on the rear platform was shouting excitedly. Dan grabbed his bag and swung aboard with a mighty leap, cracking his shin on the lowest step. Coach Nelson glanced at the receding station, then at Dan, and said nothing. They walked together through the swaying aisles to their seats.

* * * * *

A wild burst of cheering announced the finish of a freshman relay. The mile was on in fifteen minutes. The big race of the night—the mile—the "run-'em-into-the-ground" affair of champions. The best of the college trackmen were in there tonight for a kill, all trying for a shot at the record. Well-known runners, with a few small fry like Lindquist and that Ryan fellow.

Dan was lacing his shoes methodically, but with shaking fingers. Something the coach was saying struck on his hitherto numb brain.

"Yes, Marcia's a nice girl."

(Good heavens, what had he said to the coach?)

"A mighty sweet girl. Her father was in my class. Star fullback. We were undefeated that year. He was killed in France. Flying. Her uncle brought her up. Rich old cuss. Marcia's coming over to dinner next Sunday."

He threw a casual glance at Dan's face, emerging crimson from the neck of his track sweater. Together they walked

slowly from the dressing room out into a sea of sound and smoke and faces. The coach nodded and Dan joined the runners sprinting around the track like a pack of gaily colored wolves in their suits of blue, red, green, purple, orange and brown. He moved easily, stretching his long legs, twisting his body like a great gray cat, watching the crowd for one face. He found it just as a loud, shrill whistling sounded above the general racket, making him start. Marcia smiled and waved her hand encouragingly. Above her the din continued with stamping of feet and shouts.

"Yankee Doodle, step it up."

"Go it, Yank."

"Show those fellows how to run. We're with you, kid."

"Go to town, Yank."

Dan grinned and stepped a little faster. Gosh, his leg hurt. That crack he'd given it last night had developed into a beautiful purple and green bruise. Around he went again, with the gang roaring at him. The crowd was staring curiously, thumbing through programs, peering at his number. Who was this lanky fellow, anyway?

Now the track was being cleared for the final heat of the three hundred. Dan continued to limber up, bending and jogging, talking to his team-mates and to the milers who came up to shake hands—a little condescendingly. Then the race was over and the runners flowed onto the track for a minute or two. Dan stripped off the heavy track suit, felt to make sure his number was still in place. The coach looked steadily into his eyes.

"Good luck, Dan. Watch out on the curves. I know you can do it."

Smoke rising from hundreds of throats filled the arena, hanging like a blue veil under the arc lights. When the champions ran—Cunningham and San Romani and Lash—all smoking was stopped fifteen minutes before their race. But they weren't here tonight and the air was murky and acrid. The starter lined them up and called out their numbers.

"Fifth, Dan Freeman, Numbah Twenty-five."

The second outside man. Tough on the curves. He saw Marcia's face. She was smiling. He crouched, tense, waiting for the pistol. It barked sharply in the sudden hush, catapulting the six runners forward. They bunched together for a moment then swung wide around the turn. The runner on Dan's right edged in, made him break stride and drop a step behind. Cooper was leading, Russell third, moving rhythmically. Russell was the man to beat—a hard driving runner with a terrific last-lap spurt.

Dan moved up one. They swung around the platter-like track for two—three laps, like greyhounds pursuing an invisible rabbit. The pace was gruelling and the fellow behind Dan was slowing down, puffing spasmodically. Dan realized suddenly that this was the fastest race he'd ever been in. He'd have to do some tall stepping. A card flashed in his face as he passed the starting line. Seven laps to go. The pace was faster. Dan lengthened his stride. Russell would start moving up soon. He passed the fourth man and above the intermittent roar of the crowd he heard the shrill piping notes of "Yankee Doodle." He was sweating now, and his leg ached. Five laps to go. Dan passed the third man—only it wasn't Russell. Russell had moved ahead too. Russell was stepping high—get going, Dan.

The gang was singing now.

"Yankee Doodle, go to town,
Yankee make it snappy,"

The crowd picked up the tune and whistled along with them. Russell was the favorite—but this lad could really run.

The place was a whirling merry-go-round of faces, track suits, and a white card that said three, and two numbers bobbing in front of him. He was breathing hard, the smoke-filled air hurt his lungs. He had to get ahead. He raced down the turn past the lagging Cooper. Get Russell—get Russell! His pounding feet battered the refrain into his ears. High above the whistling sounded the song—

"Yankee, start a-running."

Dan heard the warning bell. Last lap. He caught Russell on the turn, fell back behind a savage burst of speed, came up to him again on the stretch. They went around the turn together, spiked feet flying in unison. He heard a tremendous roar as he pushed himself forward, saw in a quick flash Marcia's face, tense and eager. Stay out front! Keep going! He heard the pounding feet behind him and moved faster with infinite effort. Faster? He wasn't moving. The faces were moving past him, moving in a whirl of shouts and stamping of feet and the gay high notes of a song that pierced his ears. A song—his song. It crashed in great waves of sound against the rafters and broke back upon him. The last turn. He could hear Russell gasping behind him—or was it himself choking for breath? Feet—hurrying feet just behind him? No. His face contorted with a final effort. He roared down the turn. Keep it up—just—a—few—feet—more. Where was the tape? He couldn't see it! Had he made a mistake—did he have to go around again? He staggered forward blindly, felt something light brush his straining chest. He was going out! He couldn't—Then suddenly the coach was there, shaking his shoulder, holding him up.

“You did it, son, you did it.”

The loud speaker was blaring above the tumult:

“Ladies and gentlemen, the winner of the Franklin Mile, ‘Yankee Doodle’ Freeman. And the time—a new indoor record—four minutes——”

The rest was lost. The entire audience was still standing.

“Yankee Doodle went to town”

His eyes penetrated the mist of faces. Marcia was waving.

“Yankee Doodle” stood up very straight and looked at the gang shouting their throats out. He grinned and then whistled softly to himself as he turned towards the dressing room.

AFTER-MATH

AUDREY SWENDEMAN '39

THE war is over. The battle has been won and peace once more reigns supreme. Last year, you may remember, I devoted a good deal of time, energy, paper and ink to a defense of the Math major who was then the victim of a relentless, long-standing siege, instigated by malicious specialists in other fields. My plan of attack caused me much suffering, both after its inception and before its completion. I admit unreservedly that I stood in complete terror of the enemy. Their numbers were so much greater, their resources so much larger, their ammunition so much more varied. They surrounded me on all sides; I was alone in the middle of a vast circle and I knew not from whence the next offensive would arise. Frequently I was tempted to surrender but the thought of my weak and downtrodden colleagues spurred me on, and, my decision once made, I lost all fear; not, however, because of any remarkable courage within myself, but simply because I had no time to fear. I was too busy with preparations for the campaign.

Now that the objective has been gained, I feel that I may speak freely and that I shall not be revealing any military secrets when I tell you that the victory was due to the sudden and unexpected nature of the attack. Like a bombshell, I exploded within the hallowed walls of our fair college a blast of approval of Mathematics and a scalding denunciation of all other subjects. I, myself, was surprised by the results. Instead of rising in justifiable wrath and crushing me with their scorn, my opponents seemed rather to agree with me. Doubtless this friendly attitude was really not so warm as it appeared to me then. Prepared as I was for extinction, it came as a shock greater than all my previous fear. Not only not resenting my maledictions upon their favorite majors, they even gloried in them; indeed, one

History major was considerably aggrieved because I neglected to disintegrate her subject. I, too, am truly sorry. I assure you that I would not, deliberately, have overlooked a single opportunity.

I do not intend to be visibly egotistic when I say that the Math major today holds a position considerably different from that of a year ago. Then, to announce that you took Mathematics suddenly aroused all in your immediate vicinity to violent action. Some flew to a telephone to summon a psychiatrist; others precipitated themselves upon you to take your pulse and calm you in tones which they fervently hoped and prayed were soothing and restraining; while still others simply scattered as at the approach of a dangerous and carnivorous monster. Now such an announcement causes nothing more violent than a sigh which I like to think is envious but which, to be truthful, is really pitying. Formerly, friends and family thought the malady curable; today they have given you up as hopelessly lost. Once they thought that care and gentle treatment would bring the mind back to normal; now they know that it cannot. The Math major stands upon a pedestal, elevated, aloof, abandoned.

I have no desire to rise to heroic heights; there burns within me no yearning to emulate a Lancelot and ride around rescuing damsels from ogreish major subjects. I have, it is true, expended my efforts in behalf of the Mathematics Department. On the surface such a statement sounds benevolently charitable, but charity, I have always remembered, begins at home—and often stays there. I do feel impelled, however, to gird myself again with the armor of battle to protect that most wretched specimen of creatures that I have ever encountered—the Mathematics-Chemistry major. To major Mathematics alone is a formidable undertaking, but to combine the two is *summa virtus*. Aeneas, Caesar, Napoleon, Washington—none of the vaunted heroes of history possessed such bravery, such valor—and yet the student is unsung. The Mathematics major was regarded as a degenerate member of the genus *man*, the Mathematics-Chemistry major as belonging to some lower class or species. There is no reason for a predication of this nature. Chemistry, in spite of all that

I have said about it in the past, is a subject that is interesting in the real sense of the word. In the world of test-tubes and litmus-paper, things actually happen again and again. The scientist is not required to take it upon faith that a musty old historian saw one man shoot another two thousand years ago. (I know that history says gunpowder was not invented until four hundred years ago, but what is history? Did two historians ever agree about the same event?) The scientist can witness for himself the facts set forth in the textbook; he can search out further facts not set forth, and what matter if he blows himself up a few times in the process, so long as he confines the explosion to his own person? A few burned fingers, a few missing limbs, a scorched nose from prying too closely into a Bunsen burner, are mere sacrifices on the altar of science, not costly in that they provide a satisfying outlet for the curiosity pent-up in all mankind.

I earnestly hope that in the future a kindlier attitude will be adopted toward the hapless would-be chemists. They are a friendly, loyal group and if well treated develop into good college pets, always with the exception that they are a bit dangerous to have around at seasons when the dabbling urge becomes too strong to resist.

There is one thing that I absolutely refuse to do; one course that nullifies all my inherent charity. I will *not* defend Biology.



EPILOGUE FOR A DRAMA

GERTRUDE COLLINS '38

"There is a sense of harsh finality
When the last curtain falls," she said.
"It is as though the only color,
Blazing, brilliant, worthy of the word life
Were fused into the multi-figured patterns of the drama.
Illusion, doubtless, but did you look about you?
Row on row of mask-like faces—
Little there with which to conjure!"

Very little after all—reality in face of which
Your play would crumble.
Let us consider the chemistry of drama:
Have you stood quietly behind scenes,
Do you know how yards of velvet hide
A Hamlet, striking a pose
That will do justice to a curtain call?
Or Marguerite—how are the arc lights
In a theater's night best regulated
To shade yellow curls to moon silver?
Roses for a haughty Desdemona,
Roses—scarlet—scarlet,
"Here, take the things——"
An inconsequential petal falls
And later, the theater grows cold.

An audience goes home
To the incredible monotony of fact,
Where life and death toss coins
And a civilized world toys with guns.
Where a lady in misty sapphire
Carefully plies a lipstick
And will not look at a letter
Crumpled at her feet.
Where late into the night
A man sits in an office
Hunched over a few yards
Of ribbon-like paper.
Where high on the skeleton of a skyscraper
A riveter grinds his teeth and wipes his brow;
Here, yesterday, a man hurtled to a cement sidewalk.
Incredible monotony of fact. . . .
"Theater tomorrow night? But yes—," she said.
"Ibsen? My dear, so definitely smart——."



THE ETERNAL—SQUARE

AUDREY SWENDEMAN '39

"PERSONAL: To M.S. Get away from those two. Meet Wednesday noon train at T. C. station. J. P."

Matilda Sommers' well-disciplined maidenly heart gave a leap that was beyond the bounds of all maidenly propriety when her prim maidenly eyes, furtively scanning the personal column of the Cook County *Courier*, caught sight of this little insertion halfway down the page. Perhaps it is slightly hyperbolic to make use of the word *leap* in a description of the amatory organ of so confirmed a spinster as Miss Sommers. Even an observer as sharp-eyed as her sister Melinda would have been unable to notice even the faintest flutter of the cotton shirtwaist, but Matilda, unaccustomed to any deviation from the steady prosaic throb of the past fifty years, was utterly unnerved by the experience. She looked up in guilty dismay and the hand holding the paper shook with a palsy of excitement.

"If you're through with that paper, Mattie, I'd like to read what it says about the Ladies' Aid meetin' last week." Melinda moved in ponderously, and took possession of the most comfortable armchair with all the air of a Grant taking Richmond. "We didn't go, you know, 'count of that storm, and I'm willin' to wager that that hussy of a Franklin woman did her best to get everyone to agree to puttin' on a show for the church this year. You know's well as I do that this town's been havin' fairs for as long as we can remember. And if we don't stand up to Jane Franklin no one else will."

"No—I mean yes—I mean I'm through—but Jane isn't—she—do you think we should have gone?" Mattie's hands fluttered to her knitting.

"What's the matter with you? Ain't got a fever? Sure you didn't catch cold sittin' in the window all day yesterday to

see if Jabe Potter was comin' home?" Melinda never minced words. She was frank to the point of brutality.

"Why, Lindy, such an idea! I was just watchin' them Turner boys makin' a snowman. Did you see it? It's real clever. Looks just like Hosea Turner."

Lindy grunted and settled herself for a deliberate perusal of the account of the Ladies' Aid meeting. Mattie bent herself to her knitting, so busy with her thoughts that she skipped one out of every two stitches. How sharp Lindy was! But then Lindy always was sharp where Jabe Potter was concerned. Ever since Jabe gave up the ship he captained in the Orient trade and came home to live in Tannersville, three months ago, the pacific calm of the Sommers' household had been completely disrupted. Not that there was any open break. The sisters had spent so many years together and faced the prospect of so many more in each other's company that they could not afford to sacrifice amicable relations for the sake of a mere man. Yet beneath the friendly surface, hidden from all eyes, as each thought, there existed an unconscious rivalry for the favor of easy-going Jabe Potter.

All Tannersville was cognizant of what was going on. The male population chuckled to think of Jabe in the toils of the Sommers girls. It was their favorite topic of discussion around the stove down at the general store, nights, and some even went so far as to lay wagers on the outcome.

"No matter which way you figger it, boys, old Jabe's the loser," grinned Hosea Turner who was considered to have an inside track, he living on one side of the Sommers, and Jabe on the other. "Whichever one of them girls gits him, the other'll have her finger in the pie, too, sure's fate. One woman's bad enough—but two——"

"I think you fellers are kinda overlookin' the fact that there's nothin' weak about Jabe. He wa'n't born yesterday," interposed old Adam Miner, who was cal'lated to be pretty shrewd himself. "Jabe's nigh on to fifty-five now; he's been to sea since he was fifteen an' I reckon he kin take care o' himself."

Female Tannersville buzzed over the teacups in its weekly round of afternoon calls.

"'Magine them girls settin' their caps for any man at their age," sniffed Jane Franklin, erstwhile opponent of church fairs. "Why, Mattie must be sixty at least and Lindy's only a year or two younger. Jabe Potter's still a fine-lookin' man and young for his years an' I guess if he could've been caught, it'd have been done long ago with all the girls he's met roamin' around the world."

"Havin' that young orphan girl, Mary Sothern, in the house prob'ly makes them feel younger," came the soothing tones of old Mrs. Posby. "I think it was real nice of them to take her in when her pa and ma died a couple of years ago. She's a good help to them 'round the house and all, but they weren't obliged to do it. That's why Jabe likes them I s'pose. They're good-hearted creatures, and their father was a good friend of his. Got him his first job on a boat. One thing, though, you notice he don't show no partiality to one any more than the other."

That was just the trouble, reflected Mattie. Jabe didn't play favorites. He'd gone to sea forty years ago, and he'd come home since, sometimes once a year, sometimes not for two or three years at a time, but always bringing with him the same old battered sea-chest filled with presents for the village. Always there was something nice for her, a lace shawl, a carved fan, an ivory comb, but always, too, there was an exact duplicate for Lindy, the same kind of shawl or fan or comb, different in color, perhaps, but alike in the tiniest detail. The nights Jabe called and delivered their presents they would sit for hours after he had gone, examining the trinkets with a jealous energy.

"Look, Lindy, mine says 'Made in Japan' on the bottom. Does yours?" Mattie would say in a tone just the least bit exultant in spite of her efforts to keep it casual.

"No," Lindy would say brusquely. "Can't seem to see it; but wait till I get my glasses on. No t'ain't—wait a minute—here 'tis, sort of up on the side."

"Oh." And Mattie would start peering at hers again, disappointed but persistent.

"Mattie!" would come the cry ten minutes later, "just see the dragon here on this inside fold of my fan."

"Don't need to. I've got one, too, but it's on the outside." A pause. "Nice of Jabe to bring us both the same things then, ain't it?"

Another pause. Then a forlorn echo.

"Yes, very nice."

But two new fans would become suddenly distasteful and two rows of twin curiosities on a kitchen shelf would be lengthened soon afterward.

When Jabe had come home for good, three months ago, Mattie had expected something in the nature of a crisis. But things had gone on just as before. Jabe came over and left two ivory curiosity boxes. Even more, when he found that they had taken in Mary Sothern to help them with the housework, he went back to his box and brought forth a dainty little ivory charm which he presented to plain, dependable Mary "to help keep off the ogres." That was typical of Jabe—considerate, good-natured, kind to everyone. Perhaps he knew what was going on; perhaps he didn't. Perhaps he knew he was the pawn on a human chessboard and decided to checkmate the move; perhaps he acted unconsciously.

At any rate, he spent two or three nights out of every week in the Sommers parlor and my, what revolutionary treatment that prim, stuffy little room suffered. *Amor omnia vincit*. Unopened for years except for a weekly cleaning, it was now swept and dusted and aired every morning. Mattie stole in two or three times a day and pushed crooked things straight. Lindy marched in after her and pushed straight things crooked. The pillows were plumped; the chairs were polished; the whole atmosphere was charged with cleanliness. And still Jabe steered a strictly neutral course. Until last Friday night. Mattie's heart threatened to misbehave as she thought of it. How had it come about now? (She had rehearsed the scene hundreds of times since then.) Jabe had asked if they wanted anything done in Boston because he was going up on the morning train for a few days. That was it. And then Lindy had gone out to check things over and see if they did. Mary Sothern was moving

around, turning on the lights and Jabe was reading the paper and he said casually, too casually, Mattie knew now:

"Ever read these personal columns, Miss Mattie? I waste a lot of time tryin' to figure out what went before some of 'em, not to mention what's goin' to follow. I s'pose it's a good method of communicatin' with someone if you don't want other folks to hear."

Mattie said, "No, I don't—but I——"

And just then Mary bumped against the table and knocked off the One-Thousand-and-One-Nights-and-Custer's-Last-Stand-all-rolled-into-one vase Jane Franklin had donated to the last church fair. The sisters had pulled it out of the fishpond, "sort of a snake in the eel-grass" Lindy called it. Mattie didn't regret its passing but she did consider it typical of Jane Franklin to push herself in at the wrong time. To make matters worse she didn't know whether or not Lindy had heard what Jabe said. 'Course Lindy might have taken the words at their face value. Lindy was like that, frank, honest, blunt, not addicted (as Mattie was) to searching people's statements for hidden meanings but still it was not wise to underestimate Lindy. Once she had set her heart on something, she moved inevitably toward it, looking neither left nor right nor backward, sweeping everything before her, crushing what she could not sweep but never deviating from her course.

Mattie dropped her knitting in nervous excitement. What if Lindy should see those few lines in the personal column and take them to herself? She had not been there when Jabe spoke, but her hearing was abnormally acute. Of course Jabe meant it for Mattie—M.S.—who else could it be? No one ever called Lindy "Melinda." Why, old Mrs. Posby crocheted handkerchiefs for her with the initials "L.S." Why——

"Well," grunted Lindy, "I see Jane Franklin wasn't at the meetin'. Probably afraid of the storm."

Then Lindy *was* only reading about the Ladies' Aid. That settled everything. Now she could plan—Horrors! The account of the meeting was on the opposite page from the advertisements. What if Lindy glanced across? Lindy's head was hidden

behind the paper and Mattie could not tell where she was looking.

"Miss Lindy, when you're through with the paper, could I see it, please? I'm kind of lookin' out for some ads about furniture bein' sold cheap."

Bless Mary for comin' in and asking that question.

"You can have it now, Mary. I was only int'risted in—why you lookin' out for furniture? Ain't fixin' to get married, are you? Is it that young Turner feller? Because if it is, I want to tell you——" Lindy never had liked Hosea Turner.

"Oh, no, Ma'am! I ain't plannin' to get married—at least not right away. And if I do, it won't be to Hosea Turner. But you see the one I'm aimin' to marry ain't asked me yet, so I reckon I better not tell you who he is." Mary was as frank in her way as Lindy.

Mattie was extremely grateful to her for taking that paper out of Lindy's hands. She stooped to pick up her knitting, conscious that Lindy was eyeing her curiously. She must plan a way to get out of the house without Lindy. "T.C. station" the paper said—that would be Tanner's Crossing down the road. And the noon train came from Boston. Glory be! That was Jabe all right. He hadn't come home yesterday, and he would today and he wanted to see her alone. But what did he mean by "those two"? Lindy and—oh, of course—Mary, because Mary had been in the room at the time. She must be careful though, must have a good reason for going out. Lindy was hard to fool.

Again Mary came to the rescue.

"Please, can I have the rest of the day off? My sister just sent to ask me to come over and help her. She don't feel well. Guess she's got the grippe."

"You go right ahead, Mary." Mattie hastened to get the words out. "We kin git our own dinner. Give your sister soda water every hour. Best remedy for a cold." A minute later, "Oh, dear——"

"Anythin' the matter, Mattie?"

"I need some red yarn to finish this shawl, and I promised it to Myra for tomorrow." (Myra had specifically warned her not to use red.) "Guess I'll have to go down to the village and get some."

"Ain't no need. Mary'll bring you some."

"Oh, no—it'll be too late. Got to have it right away and Mary won't be back till night. The walk'll do me good anyhow, after bein' cooped up all day yesterday on account o' that storm."

Mattie sighed as she shut the door behind her. She had never really expected Lindy to let her go alone, but Lindy had proved surprisingly amenable. Too amenable, with Mary already gone. Perhaps she was waiting for an excuse to slip out herself. Perhaps she had seen Jabe's notice. Mattie hastened her steps. At least she had a head start. She moved to the side of the road to let the baker's wagon pass by. She hoped Lindy had remembered they needed rolls. Wait a minute! That looked like Lindy's hat in the back of the wagon. It couldn't be—yes, it could. Lindy had just daring enough to use this as a last resort. Then everything was lost. She might have known that Lindy——

"Want a ride to the village, Miss Sommers?" It was that young son of Jane Franklin's. Well, prejudices counted nothing now. Mattie climbed into the car with a speed born of despair.

"Thanks, Jimmy. I'm terrible anxious to get to the village 'fore noon an' I was just wonderin' how I was goin' to make it."

"Gee, it's almost twelve now, Miss Sommers, but I'll do my best."

Down the road leaped the car. Any other time Mattie would have begged for mercy at twenty-five miles an hour. Now she wondered why he didn't go faster. Past the post office. Past the dairy. Yes, even past the baker's wagon. The Boston train was always late, but what if some perverse spirit made it get in on time today of all days?

"Where to, Miss Sommers?"

"The railroad station, Jimmy. I'm—I'm expectin' a package on the noon train."

The little car came to a stop beside the platform. No train in sight. No one on the platform. Then she was early; thank heaven she was early. Adam Miner was pattering around with some boxes out in front of the office. She had always been afraid of Adam, but the shadow of victory made her bold.

"Is the noon train late, Adam?"

"It's been and gone, Miss Mattie. Weren't aimin' to go some place, were you?"

"No—I was just goin' to—to send off an answer to an ad. Wanted to get somethin' in a hurry."

"Seen that girl of yours, Mary Sothern. She an' Jabe are sure goin' to cause quite some stir in this town, ain't they?"

"She—and Jabe?"

"Don't mean to say she didn't tell you? 'Course they did tell me 'twas a secret, but I figgered you and Miss Lindy'd know about it sure. She an' Jabe are aimin' to get married over in the Junction today. Jabe jest rushed off the train and the two o' them flew out o' here like Old Nick himself was at their heels. Never suspected Jabe had it in him."

The baker's wagon clattered up the street and catapulted a red-faced Lindy onto the platform.

"Too late, Lindy. Jabe an' Mary've already gone over to the parson's to get married. We might's well go home and git the dinner."

Lindy stared at Mattie for a long minute. Then she said, "Guess we might's well."

As they moved off up the street together, Lindy's voice floated back to Adam.

"You know, Mattie, I think's it's about time we cleared off that kitchen shelf."

SKATING AT DUSK

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

Caught between day and dark,
I glide on black smooth glass,
Day on my right, night on my left,
Watching the sun glow pass;
Watching the night creep up from the east
With darkening sky and moon rising white,
Turning to where the sun has sunk down
Behind the blue hills, leaving only a trace
Of rose glow, and saffron, and thin line of blue.
The colors retreat as I skim on
To catch their reflection, to hold back the day:
Faster I go and faster they fly.
I whirl with a skirring of blades
To meet the advance of the night,
Back to the deepening dark,
To the silvery path of the moon on the ice;
Swinging down the white ribbon stretched out
On black shiny depths,
Fringed round with the lacework of trees;
Breasting the radiant glow
As a swimmer riding the waves,
Swooping and gliding, immersed in the floodtide
of moonlight.

ETUDE

MARGARET E. DOLAN '38

PROFESSING the principles of Parnassian art, disdaining the excessively personal note of the Romantic school, Leconte de Lisle sought in his poetry an impersonality difficult for any lyric poet to maintain. In *Les Montreurs*, which may be said to contain his poetic creed, he gives vehement expression to the scorn he felt for the Romantic poets, and for those who delighted in reading their works. Thus, he says—

*Je ne livrerai pas ma vie à tes huées,
Je ne danserai pas sur ton tréteau banal.*

In striving for this desired impersonality, this cherished aloofness from the common herd, to a certain extent he met with admirable success in keeping from his poetry any note of his personal life. Seeking inspiration in the things of the past, strictly adhering to his poetic principles, he has produced poetry of an objective nature, the beauty of which cannot be challenged.

A master of the technique of versification, steeped in the lore of ancient civilizations, he has caught and bound the vastness of an idea, the breadth of an image within the limits of poems of no great length. In a few stanzas he has compressed grim sagas of the North, of the exultant fearlessness of its Viking warriors; working magic with words and rhythm he has recreated the enchantment of Scandinavian legend. In verse of riotous color he has summoned up the sybaritic splendor of India and the tropic isles; in poetry that is sculptured, chiseled and polished till it glows, he has evoked the magnificence of the culture that was ancient Greece. With wistful melancholy he has mourned the loss of a young love. In lulling syllables he has intoned the lethargy, the listlessness of the enervating

Eastern climes. He has delighted in the supreme indifference of the condor to the elements, aroused and bent on destruction.

For Leconte de Lisle, art was a religion; the creation of beauty was his mission in life. In the cult of the beautiful he found a temporary solace for the misery of life. That he succeeded in creating beauty in his poetry cannot be denied; but the failure of art to serve as a religion found agonized expression in the corroding pessimism evidenced in a great number of his poems, a pessimism that resulted from the acceptance of the nihilistic doctrine preached by the prophets of science who dominated the thinking world of his day.

No poet has sung of death with such feeling as Leconte de Lisle. There was ever present in him a great longing for complete annihilation of body and soul that would grant him immunity from the wretchedness and desolation with which he was beset. His only faith was in death and its liberating powers. After contemplating the disillusionment of life, he ends *Dies Irae* with a prayer for oblivion:

*Et toi, divine Mort, où tout rentre et s'efface,
Accueille tes enfants dans ton sein étoilé;*

*Affranchis-nous du temps, du nombre et de l'espace,
Et rends-nous le repos que la vie a troublé!*

In *Midi* is the attainment of Nirvana, the loss of identity in reunion with Brahma, that he sings. A *Un Poète Mort* voices a bitter envy of the dead:

*Moi, je t'envie, au fond du tombeau calme et noir,
D'être affranchi de vivre et de ne plus savoir
La honte de penser et l'horreur d'être un homme!*

Once is he driven to doubt the finality of death. In *L'Illusion Suprême* he pauses to ask, "*Qu'est-ce que tout cela, qui n'est pas éternel?*" But it is only a pause; he hastens to reassure himself of "*la paix impassible des morts.*"

Adhering, then, to his ideal, he has produced poetry of an objective nature, poetry whose form is resplendent, whose

*pensée en rythmes d'or ruisselle,
Comme un divin métal au moule harmonieux.*

But weaving in and out among the glowing gems of his Parnassian art, a relentless reminder of the spirit of his age and the havoc it wrought, is the wailing obbligato of his despairing song of death.



CHARACTER ESSAYS OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

AN INSURANCE MAN

Is one who goes from door to door, always making a nuisance of himself. You can never tire him out; he is always willing to return if you are busy or away. It seems, too, that you can never leave your house without meeting him. He will pester you to death on the telephone, seeking an appointment. No hour is inconvenient to him. Where these men find all the time is a mystery to those in every other walk of life.

An insurance man has no holidays; Sunday, to him, is just another day. He will meet you anywhere, anyhow, any time. He will call at your office, or your home. No woman could ever out-talk him. He can think of all kinds of mishaps to you, your family, or your home. The person of ordinary gifts never tries to dispute with him; it is hopeless.

Up to the present time, thinking people have found only one reliable remedy for the insurance man, and even it, properly speaking, is not a remedy for the cause, but for the effect. You must give in to him at once, for in the end, inevitably, you will succumb.

BARBARA McNAMARA '41

* * * * *

A COMMUTER

Is one who knows through experience some of the greatest trials that can come to mankind, for she is a frequenter of crowded buses and cars. In the morning she dashes madly to catch the electric car, with her books falling and her hat off. When she gets it, she finds that there is no place to sit, so she clutches a strap, and with every lurch of the car renews the hopeless struggle to keep on her feet. To add to her difficulties, the motorman is a kindly individual who waits for everyone in sight,

thus delaying the poor student and causing her to meet countless other students at Kenmore Square. Here, her problem is to get on the bus as soon as possible, so as not to be left behind until the sixth bus. This takes much effort, and she is tired and discouraged when she finally arrives at school.

Now, this student does not leave until late in the afternoon, and so she is intimately acquainted with the "rush hour." This is a term that does not adequately explain itself; it must be experienced, not talked about. The commuter can never account satisfactorily for her presence in the car; all she knows is—she is there. The car is filled to overflowing and the student is packed in so tightly that she has little more than enough room to breathe. At each stop other people squeeze in and the net result is agony. The student's books jab into her, her toes are trodden on, her back is bent. The car goes along at a snail's pace, taking an hour for a half-hour's ride. When a seat is vacated the people race to obtain it but the poor commuter, with her load of books, never quite reaches it in time. When her stop finally comes, the student plows through the wedges of humanity, and, bruised and battered, steps from the car.

Such is the lot of the commuter, a strong and hearty soul, who braves the perils of the street cars in her search for higher knowledge. There are thousands like her!

MARGARET GARGAN '41

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THE NEIGHBORHOOD DRUGGIST

Is one who considers himself the local wit. If a customer goes in for three two-cent stamps and two three-cent stamps the druggist will invariably say "three three-cent stamps and two two-cent stamps?" Whenever a person is in a hurry, the druggist will be found entertaining with uproarious jokes another customer, or the man who delivers ice cream or drugs to the store. If an unwary person ventures in with a prescription, the druggist takes it as his cue for jokes about the proverbial illegibility of physicians' writing. To order a lime rickey in a drugstore usually means to receive a lemon and lime.

In spite of all this the neighborhood druggist is, of course,

an invaluable asset to society. He keeps his store open till midnight for the benefit of sick people who need medicine and bandages. He also has public telephones in his store. These are, undoubtedly, convenient for persons who do not have telephones of their own. For first aid, the druggist, like Jack Dalton of the U. S. A., is always on hand. He is fond of most radio programs because they advertise the products he sells. The most popular druggists are those who employ young, good-looking clerks at their soda-fountains.

EUGENIA MULLIN '41

A MISCHIEVOUS BOY

The adjective "mischievous" when coupled with "boys" is superfluous, for it is an accepted fact that there is at least a faint streak of mischief in every boy. I am going to discuss a boy with the assumed name of Edward. Do not think that I am the embittered sister of this strange creature. I am not; all the same, I have had experience of him.

Edward is ten years old. When you first look at him you just see red, an enormous splotch of red. As you observe more closely, however, the red disintegrates into a shock of blazing hair and trillions of freckles, which are scattered liberally over a smug, self-satisfied face. When I see him I always think of a sunbeam, a crimson sunbeam escaping from the setting sun. He reminds some people I know of a house on fire. Either of these comparisons is sufficiently appropriate. He has a disposition as wild and furious as his freckles and hair. I don't believe I have ever seen a person who could stay in one place for so short an interval as he. He dotes on embarrassing people with original jokes in which they play important parts. Then, fearing that someone missed what he said, he invariably repeats it over and over, making the poor victim of his ridicule blush a thousand blushes. His crimsonness seems to be contagious. Only when he leaves do we begin to cool off; all the fiery excitement caused by his visit vanishes—until the next time.

ROSEMARIE LANE Ex- '41

ADVICE ON THINGS

ESTHER M. FARRINGTON '38

THE TECHNIQUE OF WALKING ON ICE

WOULDN'T you like to know the proper manner of winter navigation for the Average Pedestrian? It seems to me that others may feel the same insatiable curiosity with which I was possessed, to know how those who nonchalantly step along the glassy terrain maintain their footing—or lose it. I am, accordingly, presenting the following statistics.

We find, in general, two classes of ice-walkers:

1. The sure-footed.
2. The doubtful.

These may be subdivided into:

1. The sure-footed:
 - A. The firm “full steam ahead” treader.
 - B. The firm but cautious.
 - C. The mincing stepper with the wary eye.
2. The doubtful:
 - A. The “pick-y” stepper.
 - B. The “try before stepping” type.
 - C. The fence grabber.
 - D. The false alarmist.

Now for a word or two on each of these types. First, the sure-footed group.

These are the happy individuals who can rightfully boast that they can walk on ice as easily as on dry sidewalks. The surest, of course, are the members of Type A—the “full steam ahead” type. These, with a scornful look for their weaker

brethren, step firmly and surely on ice and proceed with nary a mishap. They never fall; they never so much as slip. Never has one been known to hesitate so much as one second before even the glassiest of slip-spots.

Then there is Type B—the firm but cautious. They place their feet carefully and watch their way with caution. They bluster along while others are watching, but hug the fences when all alone. Shame on this type!

And now, Type C. By right they should not be included among the sure-footed type. However, they do not hesitate, so we give them the benefit of the doubt. They go bravely enough on their way, carefully placing each footstep, one eye on their feet, the other searching out some handy soft spot whereon, if necessary, to land. They are the border-line type—the semi-doubtful.

Which brings us to the second group, or the doubtful. Of these we first consider Type A—the “pick-y” stepper. They are hardly different from Type C of Group 1, with, however, this exception:—they hesitate and look frightened at every step. This group deserves our sympathy, for they suffer deeply.

Next is Type B—the “try before stepping” type. They sidle up to a slippery place, creep toward it cautiously, extend one toe tentatively, touch it to the ice easily. Next they gradually put the whole body weight on this foot, and start all over again. Finally the “danger” is over, and the other side has been safely reached. They take a deep breath and proceed blithely on their way, with a *Deo Gratias* expression suffusing their glowing faces.

Then there is Type C—the “fence grabber”—a most common type. We see them by the hundred. They hug the fences, clutching wildly, and hanging on to these wooden supports with all their might. They have an expression of apathetic terror on their poor, frightened faces. Winter time, for them, is a period of agony, of unsurpassed mental anguish. Each sortie from the comparative safety of their homes becomes an adventure of the most gruesome sort. They, too, deserve our heartfelt pity.

Type D, on the contrary, always fill me with wrath. They are the false alarmists. They proceed bravely enough on tumble-proof ground, but the moment they reach even faintly uncertain territory they are lost. They slip, they slide, they flail the air wildly with waving arms. They moan and groan, clutch madly at passers-by, and drag them down. But the funny side of the situation lies in the fact that they themselves hardly ever take a tumble! They are disgusting and inexcusable.

That finishes the typing of the ice-treaders, both sure and doubtful. Read these lines carefully. Ask yourself, "What type am I?" If you belong in any of the erroneous amblers' groups, turn over a new leaf. Tread surely, but do not boast about it. For if there is one thing that makes a firm-treader obnoxious to the not-so-firm, it is his boasting about it.

* * *

HOW TO GET A SEAT IN A DARK THEATRE

At the present time there is an excellently systematized procedure for finding one's-self a seat in a crowded, dark theatre which, I think, is not so well known as it should be. I am, therefore, taking this opportunity to put it before the public. It follows.

You sneak quietly into the rear of the theatre. As a matter of custom, you look for an usher. Of course, you cannot find one, but at least you have tried.

You may as well realize right now that you will *not* find a handy seat in the last row. They are always filled with far-sighted people who cannot see farther front. They wait in shifts so that these seats are always occupied. There is only one odd thing about this matter. These far-sighted people always arrive in pairs. There they are and there they stay. So you may just as well start to shuffle as quietly and as inconspicuously as possible towards the front. Immediately several hundred people hiss "Down in front! Sit down!" and expressions of a like nature. This usually makes you feel about as important as a sound wave in a vacuum. You try to make yourself as small as possible, and stumble wildly into the first

row on your right. Of course you find the inevitable seat-hog who refuses to rise. Perhaps this person feels that you will push him or her into the aisle and occupy the seat yourself. I've often wondered at the peculiar psychology of this specimen.

At this delay you find that you are the recipient of sundry baleful glances. You meekly withdraw and try another row. By this time you are so flustered that you land right in the lap of the also inevitable "squawker." This species is usually a sparse and pugilistic woman who, at the lightest touch in passing, will cry out in a piercing, carrying voice, "Ouch! Look where you're goin'!" You retire in utmost confusion and retreat to your original starting point at the rear of the house. There, to your amazement, is a starched and stiffened "Maître de Moochers," who looks at you coldly and remarks: "Please wait until the usher seats you, Madam! There are plenty of seats!" Whereupon, he precedes you down the aisle. He turns and points majestically to a miraculously empty seat. You scuttle in and sink thankfully, breathing a deep sigh. The feature picture is, of course, half over, but you, *you* at last have a seat.





WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

MUCH valuable advice has been offered to young authors on the art of writing. It might be summed up thus,—“Sit down and write!” That’s all right—so far as it goes. But one can sit indefinitely staring at a blank sheet of paper like a hypnotized hen at a chalk line without producing any tangible results. We find it very easy to sit down resolutely to write. We feel rather important shutting ourselves up in our room with the imposing statement “We have to *write!*” But before we can carry out our resolution, we usually have to clear a workable space on our always crowded desk. If we move things too abruptly an avalanche of papers descends to the floor. Having picked up these, we feel impelled to read and sort them and that inevitably leads to a general overhauling of the desk with surprising discoveries. Having finally discarded various interesting clippings, and bits of doggerel written in off moments, we fish out a piece of invitingly blank paper, poise our trusty pen and start to write. Of course we are out of ink. That little matter remedied, we are ready again, waiting for inspiration to descend like the dew upon the flowers.

After a few false starts and some desultory finger-tapping, it becomes apparent that there is a drought of inspiration. We file our nails—we keep a file handy for just such occasions. We draw curlicues around the edge of the paper for five minutes. We then adjourn for a glass of water. If a good radio program is on, we make a further detour. Returning again to the scene of our labors, we sit and sit. Finally, with mounting disgust we throw the paper back in the desk and decide to do it tomorrow night.

And we did!

* * * * *

Having now reached our maturity (legal) and being, as a result, deprived of the privilege of travelling for half-fare on the railroad, we are, with great weeping and gnashing of teeth, transferring our patronage to the bus. It is in moments such as this, that we look back with wordless sadness on our happy hours spent in the North Station. We think of the mornings when we lingered there for an hour or more listening to the concerts on the Hammond organ; we think of the evenings when kindly souls were giving out apples, and we, with our friends, were first in line. We dream of the band concerts that used to be, of the zoos transported there in miniature, and, with slightly less sadness and slightly more thankfulness, dear Lord, that we are not so gullible, we think of Milk Week when two cows were pastured there and two of our friends (no, we will not name them) trusting implicitly in a weird story that was told to them, volunteered to wear Milk-buttons for a week in return for the ten-dollar bills which, they had been led to believe, were being given away to all comers as a reward for participation in the little advertising campaign. Ah, that we all might keep that sweet, childlike faith that was theirs. Stay right here t'home, girls. Them city slickers ain't t' be trusted.

* * * * *

We were sitting in class the other day, thinking of nothing in particular and gazing rather blankly at a map on the black-board in front of us. But it is a very interesting map, and we can never look at it for long without perking up a bit, simply because the names on it are in themselves so delightful. We love the sound, for instance, of *Egdon Heath*. *Heath* is such a

witchy word. It is so—well—so *witchy*. It makes us think of weird noises, and black cats, and nights when the moon doesn't shine. And *Nether Stowey*, and *St. Bee's Head*, and *Derwent Water*. *Derwent Water*. We said it over and over, savouring its sound and wishing that we might have been so fortunate as to have been born near *Derwent Water*. Then, with our fatal inability to keep our mind for any longer than a minute on any phase of a subject, we skipped off to just plain words. There is *melody*, now. And *silver*. And *memory*. To say nothing of *wandering*, and *moonlight*, and *meadow*. And, of course, *stardust*. We confess, too, to a fondness for *lagoon*, even though the best authorities agree that the *a* sound isn't all that one might desire, and that the *g* is certainly harsh. Those things are all a matter of taste, anyway, and what we like we like. Incidentally, we also like *window*.

There are people who declare that *cellar door* is the most beautiful combination of sounds in the English language. We are sorry, but we cannot agree. We think that *sandalwood* is miles ahead of *cellar door* and we are ready to give our proof by quoting it feverishly in what we think is its most beautiful context, the magic

“Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.”

Now are we right or are we wrong?

* * * * *

After a prolonged and careful study of material culled from sources that are many and varied, the most important of which is perhaps the street car advertising card, we have come to a definite conclusion. There is springing up all around us today a new, and, we earnestly predict, a vastly important type of literature. It has life, it has depth, it has originality. It is *Americana*. It is the literature of the class to which we have reluctantly but finally decided that we belong, to (someone has aptly named it) the *intellectual bourgeoisie*. There was a time when we confessed in whispers, and only to our best friends, that we were devotees of this new movement. Now we walk with pride, as a prophet. We feel that we are boosting something worthwhile and we feel that the world is waiting for it.

There is, for instance, this gentle reminder that a panacea exists, that human sorrows can be alleviated. It breathes forth an optimism that we find heartening.

The night before is just the time
To heed this little warning
Have Alka-Seltzer handy just
In case, tomorrow morning.

And then there is this, to take our thoughts from the fleeting pleasures of life and to remind us of their inevitable end:

Casey's coffins are very fine
Made of wood and steel and pine;
When your loved ones pass away
Let them go the Casey way.

Surely the time is short until recognition and fame will come——?



THE ETHOS

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EDITORIAL

Our parents and the rest of their generation have had much to say, since we began to grow up, about the eternal haste of our generation. They feel that this insatiable desire for speed, this refusal to take things easily, is one of the most annoying characteristics of American youth. We agree—and disagree. Speed is an American custom, one of the marks by which an American may be known. It is part of our nature and in some of its aspects it is not at all undesirable. But it has manifested

itself among us in one way which is decidedly bad. That way is in our thinking.

The fact that so many young Americans, and to make it even more particular, so many American college students, are slipshod in their mental processes, may not at first be entirely obvious. For with the American speed goes often a surface brilliance which is not pierced by a casual glance. Careful analysis is usually necessary. One of the most reliable methods of discovery on this point is the examination of any ordinary group of original papers written by any ordinary group of college students. In perhaps seven cases out of ten they will show an immaturity which is appalling. There is little originality; less depth of thought. It would seem that those students are almost afraid to let themselves become involved in any real thinking because of the trouble *and the time* necessary if they are to extricate themselves creditably. For they have no desire to discredit themselves in the eyes of their small world. Far from it. Their principal idea is to say as little as they can in as fine a sounding way as they can, with the least possible trouble to themselves. If these two objectives are compatible—well and good. If they are not—then the worth of the material must be sacrificed to the haste of American thought.

The responsibility for this condition cannot be laid entirely at our door. Trite though it is, it is true to say that it is partly due to the age in which we live. Since a few years after the War, Americans have been living at a breakneck pace. Naturally enough the tenor of their lives has been reflected in their thought. We have grown up in an atmosphere of grabbing at conclusions made ready for us by some high-pressure columnist and we have become tainted through no fault of our own. But it would be absurd to say, that having recognized our besetting sin, we cannot get rid of it. As a group we are not mentally inferior. We have the brains with which to think; we must learn to take the time. There can never be that comfortable glow of achievement in company with slovenly thinking. That is the result of work done to the best of one's ability. Slipshod thought is not the best thing of which we are capable. It is hardly fair to ourselves to be satisfied with it.

THE THEATRE GUILD

MARY McGRORY '39

○UR friend, James Stephens, has said, and no doubt with good reason, that all criticism should be destructive. Those who go to the theatre must find this a rather arbitrary pronouncement; for however acute their critical faculties, they go to the play with the idea of enjoying themselves uppermost in their minds, and inclined to overlook certain defects in order that they may pass a pleasant evening. So with half an eye on Mr. Stephens' dictum, remembering all the while that I enjoyed them, I should say of the Theatre Guild offerings to date that they have been, if nothing else, varied. There has been in the four plays thus far presented a nice assortment of the serious and the not-serious (it could hardly be called the comic and the tragic). There has also been a delightful variety of locales. Within four short months we have traversed Ecuador, the Mid-West, Paris, and England. And we have been dealing with all types of character, from a South American dictator and exiled Russian aristocrats to refractory English school-boys. There has even been an international aspect in the casts, what with Hollywood's Sylvia Sydney, Italy's Marta Abba, New York's Ethel Barrymore, and London's Frederic Leister, all holding forth at various moments.

The first of the plays, which came early in September, was *To Quito and Back* by Ben Hecht, who is said to have spent approximately two years on the script. Despite this, *To Quito and Back* can quite adequately be dealt with in three words—wordy, violent, and atheistic. It might further be said that there was a plot of sorts which concerned the elopement of an idealistic young girl with a middle-aged novelist who really didn't want to leave his wife; their arrival in Quito; their frantic search for Truth and Love in a deserted villa; their detention by a Revolution; the novelist's interest in the Revolu-

tion, and his subsequent fighting in and dying for it. It was all very confused, and the confusion spread to the players who failed to give any conviction to their weighty lines. Sylvia Sidney, lately of Hollywood, was very unhappy in a role that is both too light and too heavy for her. Leslie Banks, who is probably more competent in pleasanter circumstances, fumbled his lines rather badly. Acting honors were carried off by Joseph Buloff as the Revolutionary leader, who seemed to have epitomized the whole attitude and philosophy of the South American native in his slouching gait and querulous drawl. Several minor characters, notably a cynical (aren't they always) newspaper man and a gay old countess were well done. After three hours of verbiage which was by turns repartee, profanity, and blasphemy, the audience left the theatre, wearied and bewildered.

We fared somewhat better at the hands of Sidney Howard, who was the author of the next piece, *The Ghost of Yankee Doodle*. In a succinct two acts, he has told the convincing story of an American family plunged into the upheaval of the next war. Sara Garrison, a clear-eyed liberal, is striving vainly to keep her head above financial waters. A former admirer, head of a chain of very influential newspapers, appears after long years and begs her to marry him. A minor incident in war-torn Europe gives him the idea of precipitating war, rather an easy matter with every paper in the land ready to dramatize the incident at his bidding. Sara, although she sees a great financial boom and her own security as a result refuses to sacrifice her ideals and decides to send away her bellicose fiancé. Matters are further complicated by Sara's romantic daughter falling in love with the journalist's realistic young son. The latter is killed as he is flying away at the head of his squadron, and his father sees in his death a magnificent means for more war propaganda. The play ends with Sara expressing a wish that some day, somewhere, the Liberals may triumph. Ethel Barrymore is at the top of her form in her return to the theatre and gives a clear-cut, gracious, and sympathetic performance as Sara. Dudley Digges is very much at his ease as the shrewd journalist, and Russell Hardie plays his practical son with admirable candor and breeziness. Elizabeth Young, also a Hollywood importation, is the intense daughter with an intensity that is disquieting to

herself as well as to the audience. The family scenes are pleasant, and the whole production is well staged. The only exception that can be taken to the play is that its Social Message is so heavily underscored that it detracts from the enjoyment of the dialogue.

To most Theatre Guild subscribers, the coming of *Tovarich* seemed the reward of virtue, for this widely heralded international comedy by Jacques Deval played in New York for over a year and enjoyed a great success in almost every capital in Europe. To add to the pleasure of the event, all of the original cast with the exception of John Halliday has been retained. Judging from the laughter which rocked the audience all night, no one was disappointed. Marta Abba, the lovely young Italian star, carried the performance; and although her violent gestures and staggering walk were rather startling at first, we soon got used to them, decided that they must be part of the continental style of acting, and ended by enjoying them very much. She is excellently cast as the better half of a blithe young couple of impoverished Russian emigrés who are forced to steal their daily artichokes, although they have a huge fortune committed to their keeping by the late Czar. As the Paris police take all the zest out of these foraging expeditions, they decide that they must seek work. Enticed by a notice of Central Heating, they seek employment (using references written by and for each other) as housemaid and butler in the home of a wealthy Parisian bourgeois. In due time, of course, they come to run the menage to their own taste, by the simple expedients of teaching the father and son of the family how to fence, and the son and daughter how to sing Russian songs. At a large dinner party, they are recognized and paid homage to by former subjects, causing no end of embarrassment to their less aristocratic employers. To add to their troubles, there is present at the dinner a Russian Commissar who in the old days had treated Tatiana very badly. The two are quite desolated by the thought of their imminent discharge, when the Commissar, their enemy, comes to them in the kitchen and begs that they give to him the sum of money the Czar had entrusted to them to use in developing Russia's natural resources, and to keep foreigners out of Russia. With a great show of *noblesse oblige*, she in her

maid's uniform, and he in his butler's coat, relinquish their fortune that Russia may be saved. Their employer at this juncture also has a change of heart, and decides to retain them, and so the two, dressed in the finery of the wonderful old days, leave for a party where fellow Russian emigrés will recall times of past glories. It is interesting to note that the real comedy of the play is the business of the scenes. One of the best moments comes when Tatiana, scrubbing the oilcloth, rubs it so hard that it squeaks, and another when Michel is manipulating a very small shoe-horn. Such small things keep the audience on the *qui vive* all during the performance. In the master and servant scenes, the dialogue and situations are so clever that one is too conscious of their being clever to enjoy them. Rudolph Foerster is a rather portly but very ingratiating Michel, and the rest of the cast serves as a very fine foil to the two principals. There is a buoyant atmosphere of light-hearted gallantry and deathless patriotism pervading the whole.

If you like Galsworthy and Walpole and English drawing-room comedy, or if you like comedy and mellow humor, and if you enjoy good theatre, you will certainly like *The Housemaster*, which is still in Boston. It is impossible not to like it because, even if you don't like any of the things above mentioned, you must be human enough to be interested in schoolboys' problems which have a universality all their own, and that failing, there is no one who can resist the glow that comes over him when he sees a play that teaches and preaches nothing, and asks nothing of the beholder but that he be ready to laugh. The plot of the piece is incidental, serving as an excuse to introduce three very lively girls into an old and conservative boys' school which braves the onslaught with remarkable courage and ingenuity. The oldest of the three becomes engaged to a vague young music teacher; the second to an embryonic diplomat whose present conception of the Sorbonne is that "it must be a very painful affliction indeed." The third, a fiendish adolescent, has plans far too deep and distant to fathom. This is obviously not great drama—and the beauty of it is that it makes no pretensions thereto. There is no struggle unless you count the resentment of the boys against the Head whom they wrathfully term "a sceptic smear on the face of civilization."

Through it all, Frederic Leister as the Housemaster moves with quiet dignity and never-failing humor. He is beset with the problems which confront every man; he is never allowed to do his cross-word puzzle in peace; he must switch the boys when they are unruly. The boys themselves are delightful, being very much in evidence during the whole play, either on or off the stage. They are a departure from the Tarkington tradition, and are neither hopelessly elfin nor abandoned to evil; rather they are credible and normal throughout. What makes *The Housemaster* so hard to describe is the fact that it has that indefinable thing called charm, the intangible quality present in all the better English novels which can be only approximately described as a mellow atmosphere of humor and tolerance. An all-English cast, headed by Frederic Leister and Peggy Simpson play their parts with a relish which adds to the effect of general good humor. Let us hope that the future plays of the Theatre Guild will strengthen the impression so admirably made by *The Housemaster*, which is that people go to the theatre to be entertained.





BOOK NOTES

It is, perhaps, temerarious of me at this after-exam period even to suggest books for reading. You may, indeed, have forgotten that books can be *read* and not *studied*. If your over-worked brains are unequal to the task of wading through the latest thousand word epic, if you have definitely sickened on the Kathleen Norris type of entertainment, you may be looking for something not too heavy but mentally stimulating. *Thirteen O'Clock* by Stephen Vincent Benét should suit the most jaded taste. A highly diversified collection of short stories, some of which have appeared in various magazines, they range from the fantastic to the suburban. The already famous yarn of *The Devil and Daniel Webster* and the newest hilarious one of *Daniel Webster and the Sea Serpent* are included. For anyone who, like myself, choked reluctantly over huge doses of the Bunker Hill Oration, these stories will soften harsh memories of that great but gloomy statesman.

Everybody Was Very Nice and *Glamour* are, I think, the two weakest stories in the collection. The first one is good, but it could have been done almost equally well by any less gifted writer, and the second is rather too unreal and unconvincing. Benét excels particularly in the tall story, whether of modern life or of historical days, and these tales are robust and vigorous. Throughout all the stories run a subtle humor and a keen, deft satire. This modern world with its vagaries, the strangling grip of dictatorship on science and civilization, the infinitely interesting "ifs" of history; greed, ambition, pride of soul, and hidden, obscure twists of the human

mind—all these come under his penetrating eye and are recorded in distinctive style.

* * * * *

Detective and mystery stories, popularly known as “whodunits,” are said to be the recreation of great men. Without any pretensions to greatness I also am a devotee—not of the stereotyped murder-in-an-English-manor or gangster mystery, so obviously *not* a mystery after the first two chapters—but of the more subtle and unusual mystery story. Such are the books of Phoebe Atwood Taylor. The hero is one Asey Mayo, genuine Cape Codder, the amateur detective with a new twist. Bearing scars and memories of windjammer days, Asey awes the younger generation by his unorthodox handling of high-powered cars, and delights the lads of the Fourth Estate by his brilliantly unspectacular deductions. The author writes authoritatively and convincingly of Cape Cod; and her stories, while never hopelessly complicated, are packed with thrills and hair-raising situations. The repartee is sparkling; and the characters, well drawn and amusing, vary from the most Bostonian of maiden ladies to the most flippant of young women.

This outburst, I might add, is the result of her latest book, *Octagon House*, which by reason of its innocuous title you might overlook in the heap of such thrillers as *Murder in the Morning*, *Poison Party in a Penthouse*, *The Case of the Crimson Necktie*, etc. Her liveliest and most diverting book to date, it is a fast-moving tale in which the amiable Asey displays his varied talents in eminently satisfactory fashion.

* * * * *

Brother Petroc's Return by S. M. C. is one of those rare books to which it is almost impossible to give adequate praise. One cannot describe the charm and beauty of this simple and moving story—it holds the reader enraptured. The subject is unusual—the reactions of a monk of the sixteenth century to modern life and conditions. It will not be fair to spoil your pleasure by telling more.

The story is written with a keenness and restraint, a perception for detail and a vigorous style that mark the unknown author as a writer of distinction. Brother Petroc, with his love of beauty, his keen, incisive mind, and his child-like love and trust, is an intensely appealing character. The Abbot, the Sub-Prior, the eager young novices, stand out as real personalities.

It proves, surely, that a novel can be Catholic without being maudlin, that it can be based on sound ethics and still be an enjoyable piece of literature. The book will not appeal to those who like sensational stuff, but those who appreciate a refreshing and elevating story, sound thought, and beauty and clarity of style will hail it as one of the finest of the season.

* * * * *

A definite "must" upon your reading list is the superb biography of Madame Curie, written by her daughter, Eve. The story of the great woman scientist is immersed in a wealth of accurate information and intimate recollections and written in a style both affectionate and restrained.

Poland in the nineteenth century was a land of little hope for seekers after knowledge. But Manya Sklodovski, youngest and most brilliant of a talented family, was not to be held back by Russian oppression or family poverty. After a humiliating probation as a governess, during which time she helped support her sister Bronya in Paris, and carried on her scientific studies by correspondence with her father, she found herself at the Sorbonne. Then followed years of study under conditions so unbelievably wretched that it hurts even to read of them—cold, hunger, fatigue, and always work, more work, regardless of the poor, mistreated body. Nevertheless, Eve Curie believes that those days of suffering and sacrifice were the most satisfying of her mother's life.

But more work was ahead of her. Married to a man whose genius and scientific faith matched her own, Marie Curie and her husband Pierre began the studies which led to the discovery of radium. For four long years they carried on their experiments in a crude shed. And their minds and wills were so perfectly merged that one could never ascertain what part of the work had been done by the husband and what by the wife.

Madame Curie was combining the duties of housewife, mother, scientist and teacher and bringing to each her passion for perfection. She and Pierre were humanitarians. They shrank from the spotlight of fame, refused to stoop to politics, donated their first gram of radium to the laboratory and used their Nobel Prize money to further scientific research.

The crowning tragedy of Marie's life was the death of Pierre in 1906. She carried on her teaching and his, her research and the education of her children; but her daughter says that she was a body without a soul. It is here, I think, that one feels most keenly the regret that she turned from the Faith. For Science was her religion

and Pierre Curie her god and without him her life was empty. She had the qualities of a saint as well as of a scientist and in the Church she would have found the comfort that Science could not give her. From that time on, although always busy with her work, her life was arid and lonely.

Her activities during the World War, her American tour, her struggles against age and illness are excellently portrayed. Her death, ultimately diagnosed as radium poisoning, was a final proof to the world that she was a true martyr to Science.

This biography of an heroic genius, so powerfully and lovingly written is a memorable and inspiring work.

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

VOLTAIRE

ALFRED NOYES. Sheed and Ward.

Modern biography has come to be like a bit of elastic that can be stretched in two directions—either away from legend to truth, or away from truth to legend. The one leads to good, the other to evil—at least indirectly. For instance, not all the stirring patriotism of a true Englishman can withstand the truth about Queen Elizabeth. By little and little, the “Faerie Queene” has come to be regarded as not much more than hobgoblin. And this is due, for the most part, to recent biographies dealing either directly with Elizabeth, or with her period. This is good, for it is truth, proven by history and research, and Truth is Good. On the other hand, we have the truth blurred and misted, covered over with a veil of generalities. The outstanding example of this, I think, that life of Voltaire by Alfred Noyes which has so recently appeared.

According to Mr. Noyes, M. Voltaire has been grievously wronged and misunderstood, both within the limits of his own long lifetime and in centuries that have passed since. The Church has been misguided, for M. Voltaire was *not* hostile to her doctrines. Indeed, Mr. Noyes asserts that Voltaire was a devout son of the Church, a lover of Christ, and a powerful fighter for the truths of Christianity. A man who, alone, by the use of his venomous pen, shook the very foundations of Christendom during his lifetime, held up as a martyr to the Faith!

Noyes is certainly sincere in all his assertions. He has studied carefully, and proved himself to be an avid scholar of the vast works

of that vast mind. But he is fighting a useless fight. In the first place, Voltaire's own words destroy Mr. Noyes arguments. Besides, one man, brilliant though he may be, cannot hope to be accepted on faith against the testimony of two whole centuries of scholars. This is not a case of "time will tell." Time has already told, and proven conclusively. Voltaire is regarded by the adherents of these free-thinking sects which found root in the eighteenth century and still exist, fundamentally, today, as the rock upon which they build their theses. Is it logical that a man who clings tenaciously to the Rock of Christ should be memorialized as the rock of free-thought?

Throughout the entire book, Mr. Noyes reiterates that Voltaire believed in a just God. No one has ever denied this assertion. But Noyes also says that Voltaire was a devout Catholic. This we do deny. Noyes bases his argument on this statement of Voltaire:

"Just because I wish to destroy the rats in my house, does not mean that I do not believe it had an Architect."

The "rats in my house" can be construed as nothing else than the priests of the Church. Without the clergy there can be no Church. Destroy them, you have destroyed it. And still, and this we do not deny, Voltaire believed in God.

That M. Voltaire retained, even at the zenith of his fame, a sincere devotion to the Jesuit teachers of his youth, Mr. Noyes cites as an almost positive proof of his Catholicity. In view of the following excerpt from this correspondence of Voltaire, this is hardly credible:

"Le mensonge," Voltaire writes to a young friend, *"n'est un vice que quand il fait du mal; c'est une très grande vertu quand il fait du bien. Soyez donc plus vertueux que jamais——. Mentez, mes amis, mentez, je vous le rendrai dans l'occasion."* (A lie is a vice only when it does harm; it is a great virtue when it does good. Then, be more virtuous than ever. Lie, my friends, lie, and I will do the same by you when occasion arises.)

Keeping this statement in mind, can we believe that Voltaire was sincere in his attitude towards his old teachers, or for that matter, in his attitude towards anything Catholic? What more can the man be, but a cynic? And a cynic is not a Catholic; he is not even a Christian.

The Church regards the epic poem *La Pucelle* as little less than blasphemous. Mr. Noyes regards it as clever and amusing, written on a dare, with no malice aforethought. Granted that Sainte Jeanne d'Arc was not, at that time, canonized; granted that the thing was written as a jest, it is still utterly void of all respect, of all patriotism, of all faith. *La Pucelle* was at once pounced upon by

the enemies of Voltaire and, Mr. Noyes says with some indignation, violently attacked; certain passages were condemned unmercifully "as though they were blasphemies." It is rather difficult to understand his viewpoint.

Much has been written about the death of Voltaire. It has been the established opinion that he died in despair. Mr. Noyes believes he died a Christian death. There was a priest at his bedside, he says, ready to give him the Last Sacraments. But Voltaire, who had been constantly spitting blood, refused to receive the Holy Eucharist, lest the Body and Blood of our Lord be contaminated by the blood of a sinner. It hardly seems likely that a man in Voltaire's position, fighting desperately for every slipping second of life, would refuse to grasp, if he really, sincerely believed, at the comfort of the Last Sacraments. Would he be likely to refuse the God Whom he professed to love so much?

At the height of the Reign of Terror, when the work that Voltaire had begun was accomplished, his body was carried back to Paris amid wild, exultant cheers, an enthusiastic tribute to the man who had dominated European thought for almost a century. But who were these thousands who cheered around the body of Voltaire? The maddest, grimmest, most Godless mob of all ages, the brutal masses of Revolutionary Paris—and they were hailing their master!

Mr. Noyes has succeeded in partially destroying the traditional portrait of Voltaire. But he certainly has not succeeded in proving Voltaire to be a lover of Christ and a valiant soldier of the Church. Though today his influence has waned considerably, and his principles have been for the most part cast aside or refuted, the harm that Voltaire wrought in his bitter attacks against Truth remain, an ineradicable blot upon his name and works.

FLAVIA CALIRI '39



E. C. ECHOES

Dramatic Society

On the Monday before Christmas the Dramatic Society held its annual entertainment for the orphans. A play was given for the children, and Santa Claus distributed gifts to all of them afterwards.

German Club

On January fifth, the vigil of the Epiphany, the German Club sponsored a program in celebration of the feast. German songs and carols were sung and a very attractive tableau of the crib was prepared by the members of the Club.

Junior Prom

The Junior Class held its annual Promenade at the Copley-Plaza on February fourth. The members of the Class deserve to be congratulated for their efforts in making it such a success.

Carmen

On Sunday, February sixth, the Federal Music Group presented the opera *Carmen* in the college auditorium. It was sponsored by the student body for the benefit of the College Building Fund.

French Play

On Saturday and Sunday, February twelfth and thirteenth, *Le Cercle Louis Veuillot* presented its annual play to a large audience. The piece, Corneille's *Le Menteur*, was coached by Doris Donovan O'Brien, '30, and, as usual, was outstandingly well done.

Sodality Reception

On December sixth the new members of the Sodality were received at a very lovely ceremony in the College Chapel. The Reverend Joseph Keenan officiated.

Retreat

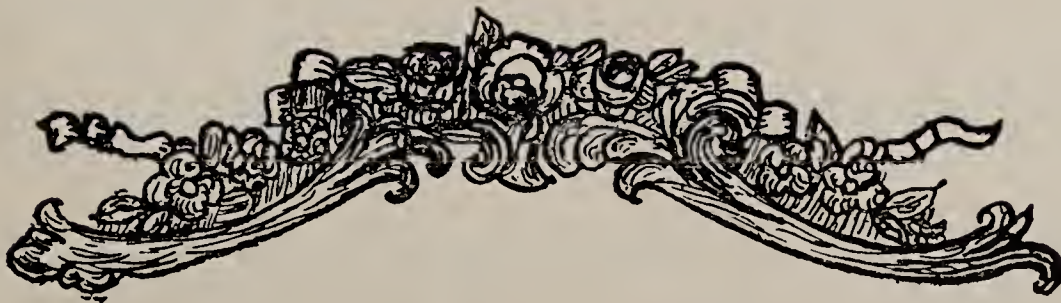
Retreat for the students was held January twenty-fifth to twenty-eighth. It was conducted by the Reverend John C Proctor, S.J., of Holy Cross College.

Class Elections for the Second Semester

Junior Class Officers: *President*, Dorothy Noonan; *Vice-President*, Louise Twomey; *Secretary*, Jean Caulfield; *Treasurer*, Agnes Cox.

Sophomore Class Officers: *President*, Loretta Mahoney; *Vice-President*, Martha Page; *Secretary*, Helen Wright; *Treasurer*, Patricia Smith.

Freshman Class Officers: *President*, Mary McAnulty; *Vice-President*, Mary Donovan; *Secretary*, Miriam Flynn; *Treasurer*, Mary Schuver.



ALUMNAE NEWS

Class of 1935

Anastasia Kirby has written a book for children called *A Dream for Christmas Eve*.

Helen Attridge has been appointed national corresponding secretary of Kappa Gamma Pi.

Class of 1936

Cecile Shanahan was married to Mr. John P. Carew on Thanksgiving Day.

The engagement of Rita Guthrie to Mr. Thomas A. Blake was recently announced.

Virginia Bixby is a laboratory technician at the New England Baptist Hospital.

Madeline Nolan is teaching in the Chelsea schools.

Marie Coyle is with the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Gertrude Larkin has been appointed to a teaching position in Leicester.

Class of 1937

Kathryn Barry and Alice Kenneally are working as State Statisticians in connection with the Social Security Act.

Helen Coughlin is teaching at the Orchard Home School for Girls in Belmont.

Catherine Cuttle and Helena Leonard are conducting the Blessed Julie Billiart Lending Library at the Saint Thomas More Bookshop.

Helen Delaney is working at Filene's.

Alice Quartz was married on January seventeenth to Mr. Edward W. Kennedy of Brighton.

Mary Farrell is working at the Riverside Press in Cambridge.

Mary Kelley is Service Representative for the New England Telephone and Telegraph Company.

Lillian Maynard is doing graduate work in Chemistry at M. I. T.

Anna Murphy is studying for her Master's Degree at Clark University.

Margaret Nestor is working at Lever Brothers.

Dorothy O'Hare is teaching in Hyde Park.

Mary Spellman and Anita McCarthy are doing technician work at Boston City Hospital.

Correction of Misstatement in the November issue of THE ETHOS:

Ellen Dorsey is at the Massachusetts General Hospital as a technician in the Pathology Laboratory.

Religious Life

Grace Ayres ('30) recently took the habit as a sister of Notre Dame.

Sister Regina Saint Edward (Caroline Gilchrist, ex '34) pronounced her vows at Waltham recently.

Sister Marie du Sacre Coeur (Anna McMurrer '35) pronounced her vows at Waltham on January thirtieth.

The Emmanuel League

The Emmanuel League, under the direction of the President, Miss Jane McKey, has been very active since the opening of College in September. The ladies are making every effort to complete the refurnishing of the College parlors before Commencement. In addition to the regular bridge parties in the League Room on the third Tuesday of each month, there will be the annual Coffee Party and Bridge on March twelfth in the gymnasium and the May Party early that month. Mrs. James W. Carr and Mrs. Frederic J. Crosby are co-chairmen of the March party and they announce there will be the regular features—refreshments, door prize, two drawings and a selected list of prizes.

An innovation this spring will be a series of house parties. Every member is to be asked to give one at her home between the regular monthly meeting in March and that in April. Miss McKey, *Talbot 4113*, is chairman and it is hoped that there will be a very good response to this request.

The drive for new members added a number to the list and it is a gratifying feature that many of the new members are mothers of students. Several others have promised to join another year, but there is still room for improvement along that line. The students do their share at the various activities of the League and their work is much appreciated by those in charge.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

MODERN WAR POETRY.....	Margaret A. Cahill, '38.....	67
GRADUATED WITH HONORS.....	Gertrude Coakley, '38.....	70
A PRAYER, <i>Verse</i>	Rosemary McLaughlin, '38.....	74
THE FRENCH INFLUENCE ON SOME MODERN AMERICAN POETS.....	Margaret E. Dolan, '38.....	75
REMEMBERING, <i>Verse</i>	Esther M. Farrington, '38.....	79
"A POET AT NINE"—NATHALIA CRANE.....	Catherine C. O'Connell, '38....	80
MINIATURES FROM SHAKESPEARE.....		85
SONG FOR AN IDIOT, <i>Verse</i>	Clare Stanton, '40.....	87
THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL.....	Harriet L. Carritte, '38.....	88
NOCTURNAL NAPPING, <i>Verse</i>	Clare Stanton, '40.....	100
OIL MAN.....	Margaret A. Cahill, '38.....	101
COURAGE	Catherine M. O'Connor, '39....	103
SPRING MALADY.....	Margaret A. Cahill, '38.....	106
WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE.....		108
EDITORIAL		111
BOOK NOTES.....		113
E. C. ECHOES.....		118
ALUMNAE NEWS.....		121

MODERN WAR POETRY

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

DOWN through the ages, from Homer to Chesterton, poets have thrilled the hearts of men with their songs of war, extolling the bravery of heroes, the great battles, and all the

pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!

War has been described triumphantly, realistically, glamorously, sentimentally,—but few voices have been raised in its denunciation. Something there is in the flag-flying, drum-beating, and trumpet-calling, something in the furious thunder of the charge that stirs the martial spirit in men. But never before in the history of literature has a whole generation of poets turned, almost *en masse*, against the traditional idea of war. Warfare has changed and with it the attitude of the poets. There is no glory in modern warfare and there are no winners. Scientific discoveries and modern weapons have made war a means of systematic slaughter, and man mere cannon fodder. And so we see the poets of the war generation, the men who suffered and bled in the trenches with their fellows, vilifying the carnage and the futility of warfare.

The poetry of the World War can be divided into two general classes—the idealistic and the realistic. Into the first group falls the early English and most of the American war poetry. It is difficult for us, after twenty years, to judge it fairly, for much of it seems to us hysterical and over-sentimental, depicting the war as a great adventure, a challenge to youth, a mighty struggle to end imperialism and make the world safe for democracy. Today, with nations arming frantically, with wars raging in Europe and Asia, and imperialism again on the march, we are inclined to sneer at their simple idealism. Viewed aesthetically, however, some of these poems are very beautiful, soul-stirring in their appeal to the ancient virtue of courage.

The older, famous poets wrote recalling the glorious past and summoning the youth of England to new deeds of valor. Rupert Brooke, the romantic warrior, was the first to answer the call to sacrifice, expressing in the *1914 Sonnets* the exultant spirit of those who

poured out the red sweet wine of youth.

But the mood quickly changed. Tossed into the maelstrom of agony and bloodshed which Brooke never experienced, the young poets spoke, revealing the wonder, the horror, the valiant courage of their fellow soldiers, simple, home-loving lads

in the ruined trenches, lashed with rain,

Dreaming of things they did with ball and bat.

Robert Graves and Robert Nichols were the least tragic of this new group—Graves, gay and fanciful, with something of the high gallantry of Rupert Brooke; Nichols, more serious, with a predominantly lyrical quality. But the master realists—Wilfrid Owen, Herbert Read, Isaac Rosenberg, Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, and Siegfried Sassoon—are uncompromising in their bitterness, in their ruthless telling of

the truth untold, the pity of war.

The stark passion of their verse is terrible in its sincerity. They dramatized the emotions of the common soldier, the men who talked and dreamed of home and

ate their breakfasts lying on their backs

Because the shells were screeching overhead.

They knew all the horrors of war: the wet and cold of the trenches, the hours of waiting,

dawn coming, dirty-white, and chill, with a hopeless rain,

the fury of attack, the insensate frenzy of killing, expressed so graphically by Gibson:

This bloody steel

Has killed a man,

I heard him squeal

As on I ran.

Sassoon's three volumes are the most bitter and unromanticized records of the war that we have in modern poetry. He

experienced the worst that war could inflict, and in *Aftermath*, heartsick with blood and battle, he cries to the thousands of other war-weary men:

*Do you remember the hour of din before the attack—
And the anger, the blind compassion that seized you then
As you peered at the doomed and haggard faces of your
men?*

*Do you remember the stretcher-cases lurching back
With dying eyes and lolling heads—those ashen-grey
Masks of the lads who once were keen and kind and gay?
Have you forgotten yet?—
Look up, and swear by the green of the spring that you'll
never forget.*

The spirit of bitterness and disillusionment, so marked in the English poets, was less prominent among the American war poets, but it appeared in full strength in the hectic post-war decade. The earliest American poems about the war were poems of peace, expressing sympathy and distress for suffering nations, and deprecating the wickedness of war in general. The first truly great poem was Alan Seeger's famous lyric, *I Have a Rendezvous With Death*, a grave and beautiful farewell of youth to life, an unflinching acceptance of death.

After our declaration of war came the usual martial songs, the call to courage. America was fighting for principles, and her poets echoed the idealism and high hopes of her people. America, too, had a romantic warrior in Joyce Kilmer, who wrote perhaps the most memorable of our war poems, a simple and restrained tribute to his dead comrades, *Rouge Bouquet*.

We can dismiss much of the journalistic verse of war days as patriotic sentimentality and hysteric idealism. But the debt we owe to the young war poets is great, for they stripped war of its pretenses, its artificial glamour. They refused to glorify mass murder or chant new hymns of hate. They lashed with bitter irony and fierce invective the futility and senseless slaughter of warfare. And with cold refusal to compromise, they revealed the hopes and fears, the gay, pathetic gallantry and self-sacrifice of

the unreturning army that was youth.

GRADUATED WITH HONORS

GERTRUDE COAKLEY, '38

EMMELINE'S tray slanted precariously over the heads of the girls.

"Emmy, come on over here."

Emmeline righted her tray; squeezed her thin hips through the lines of chairs. Martha gave her half of hers and they shoved away the books to make room for her tray.

"Oh, my notebook! It's in the soup!" Emmeline flushed—it was her fault.

"I'm sorry, Dorothy."

"Oh, that's all right." Dorothy smiled hastily.

They forgot her then and went on with their conversation. Emmeline sat stiffly on her half of the chair and sipped the one-eighth part chicken and seven-eighths part rice soup, which almost choked her. The flush stayed on her cheeks and she wished herself any place but right there, at that table. Funny, when she was away from the gang her heart ached to be with them—and when she was with them she wished she weren't. She wasn't really one of them. They liked her—she knew that—but they felt sorry for her. If they weren't trying to be nice to her, they wouldn't pay so much attention to her. If she were one of the gang she would go up to them and join in the conversation as if she had always been there. If she were one of the gang she wouldn't have said "I'm sorry, Dorothy," but "Why don't you watch out for your books?"

"—Emmy?"

She heard her name and looked up with a start. Martha had asked her something.

"I'm sorry, Martha—I wasn't listening."

"Whom are you inviting to the Junior Prom?"

The girls had stopped talking and were eagerly awaiting her answer.

"I—I don't know. I haven't thought much about it yet."

"Oh, you liar, you liar, you've thought of nothing else for weeks and weeks, morning and night." She said it to herself but she felt as though they were all thinking it. The talk fluttered around black tulle, taffeta, brocade, whether one girl should invite Bob, who danced divinely, or Tom, who was anything but smooth on his feet, but evidently quite smooth otherwise.

"Let's go into the gym. We've twenty minutes yet before class."

A surge—a scramble for books—the scraping of chairs was the answer.

"Coming, Emmy?"

"No-o, I've some Shelley to do."

"O. K. We'll be in there, if you change your mind."

She munched on her fudge cake when they had gone. It tasted like sawdust, anyway—only today much more so. She never went into the gym with them. They danced and she couldn't. They had tried to teach her, but somehow her body always stiffened and she couldn't just "let herself go." If she went in they'd feel as though they had to dance with her, and she would hate that. Now that they had gone the stiffness left her, but there was a tight, constricted feeling along her jawbone. She picked up Shelley and leaned him against the edge of her tray. *Adonais*. That was it. *Adonais*. Black tulle and taffeta and Bob and Tom. Whom *was* she going to ask to the Junior Prom?

* * * *

Emmeline looked at herself in the mirror. Her hair did look nice that way. She straightened out the slouch in her shoulders. Eddie—Martha's brother—was tall, and for once she would stand up straight. It was nice of Martha to ask Eddie for her. The top of her dress didn't fit very well. She had fixed it as well as she could, but she hadn't been very successful. She hoped she could see without her glasses. Tonight she wasn't going to wear them, even if she did have to squint a little. She turned quickly and watched the heavy skirt swirl in the mirror. It wasn't an expensive dress. Mother had said

that she probably would never wear it again so there wasn't any sense in spending too much for it.

The door flew open and Bobby burst in. "He's here! He's here!" He slammed the door again and raced downstairs. She'd better go down before he started talking to Eddie. No telling what he might say. She took her wrap and went downstairs. She was tongue-tied when she saw Eddie standing stiff and uncomfortable in the middle of the parlor, with a florist's box under his arm. She had expected it, of course, but when he gave it to her she could only manage a stammered "Thank you." She knew Martha had told him what she was like, that he was prepared to be nice—though long-suffering—to a shy, stay-at-home bookworm named Emmeline.

* * * *

It was one-thirty when she tip-toed up the stairs to her room. She picked up her glasses and put them on. Her eyes smarted and burned and she couldn't see very well. If she could only forget Eddie's relieved expression when she told him she had to be home early. She took off her dress, put on a sweater and skirt, and replaced the silver slippers with moccasins. She hadn't really had to come home early—but she couldn't stand another minute of it. It had been horrible—horrible. She couldn't dance with Eddie—she couldn't talk to him. She had tried—but she couldn't, and he had tried, too. She had squirmed at his painful efforts to amuse her, to interest her. She could hear him saying to Martha:

"Say, what did I ever do to you to deserve that? Ye gods—it was *awful!*"

With a sob she rushed to the closet and dragged out her coat. And until four o'clock she walked up and down, up and down the street in front of the house. The air soothed her brimming eyes, cooled her cheeks, shook out the curls on her head. Why couldn't she get along with people? Why couldn't she like them? When she was alone she was all right—but the minute anyone came near her she felt stifled, as if her backbone had turned to iron; and she was lost if she didn't have pockets in which to get rid of her hands. She hated herself sometimes—felt like beating herself. If only she could get rid

of that complex—but she never had and never would. She was pretty—her figure was nice when she didn't slouch, but no one ever noticed that. They did notice that she had brains. They did notice that . . . She could be outstanding in that way.

That morning when she finally got to sleep she dreamed that she was grinning. Her grin grew bigger and bigger until it was stretching the corners of her mouth. And she couldn't stop it . . .

It was the May of her Junior year when the gang finally decided that Emmy just wasn't interested in the things they liked. She didn't have time to fool with them—always shut up in the Greek library, bent over some book. And Emmeline avoided them. She never went to the "caf" when they were there, for fear they might ask her to join the group. She went there an hour later whenever her classes permitted; then she didn't look funny—sitting alone. She wanted to study—fill her mind so that she couldn't think of other things—of the gang.

But her marks were the best in the class, and the girls did look up to her, respect her, because she was "clever" and "brainy." And the pain of not being with the gang was growing less.

When the Senior year began they took Emmeline's studiousness for granted. They never asked her to go anywhere. "Emmy's awfully nice—but rather queer. I wish I were more like her," they would sigh—and go to the gym to dance. Emmeline would pass by the gym and hear them. She wanted—longed with all her heart to go in—to join in the fun and laughter—but she couldn't make herself. And she would take a volume of Balzac or Montaigne and force herself to study.

When graduation day came she was the center of attention—the only *Magna* in her class. They clapped her and the girls were proud of her. There on the stage, her diploma clutched in her hand, she looked at the class in front of her—and knew that the *Magna Cum* meant nothing. "Magna Cum" in college—"Failure" in life. The audience swam before her eyes. When it was over she hid herself in the Greek library. For an hour she stayed there, her head on the library table. Her face was crushed against the diploma and her tears slid down its rolled sides.

A P R A Y E R

ROSEMARY McLAUGHLIN '38

Dear Lord, I look upon Thy Face,
Thine Eyes, so full of suffering,
Thy Heart, so full of saving Grace,
Thine arms outstretched to welcome me—
A haven of security.

A little share be mine, dear Lord,
Of all Thy tears and agony;
A thorn to pierce my brow, a sword
To pierce my side, so that I know
A part of our Redemption's woe.

At last, dear Lord, please suffer me
To come, thus pain-endowed, to Thee.

THE FRENCH INFLUENCE ON SOME MODERN AMERICAN POETS

MARGARET E. DOLAN '38

THERE arose in France towards the close of the nineteenth century the Symbolist school of poets. Baudelaire (1821-1867) may be regarded as the chief source of the school; his poem, *Correspondence*, with its famous line, *Les parfums, les couleurs et les sons se répondent*, proposed the theory later elaborated by the symbolist poets. Baudelaire and the Symbolists following him, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud (whose sonnet, *Les Voyelles*, with its rather far-fetched idea, is possibly a consequence of the Baudelairean theory), and the poets of the advanced Symbolistic movement took much of their poetic principle from Edgar Allan Poe, whose poetic creed stressed pure estheticism, the musical quality of verse, the suggestion of emotion and of sensation by a succession of images subtle and indefinite, to create a spiritual effect. Moréas in 1886 wrote, "Le caractère essentiel de l'art symboliste consiste à ne jamais aller jusqu' à la conception de l'idée en soi." The aim of the Symbolists was to convey fleeting sensations and emotions by a series of metaphors phrased in a melody that was itself suggestive. Words were valued for their power of calling up distant, fleeting impressions. An essential device of symbolistic poetry was the use of the *vers libre*, "a verse without rhyme, cesura, capital letters, or fixed metre, modulated solely by the intuition of the poet."

The English and American Imagists, following the lead of the French poets, relied only on rhythm or, as they called it, cadence, as the determining principle of their verse. Amy Lowell, defining *vers libre* in "Some Imagist Poets (1916) said, "*Vers libre* is a verse form based upon cadence. . . . Cadences are made up of time units which are in no sense syllabic. The number of syllables to each unit is immaterial. The words must be hurried

or delayed in reading to fill out the swing. . . . The unit of *vers libre* is not the foot, the number of syllables, the quantity, or the line. The unit is the strophe."

The Imagist group was formed in London in 1912 by Ezra Pound, H.D. (Hilda Doolittle), and Richard Aldington. They were joined later by John Gould Fletcher and Amy Lowell who took over the reins of imagism when Pound withdrew from the group. The latter's French connections, especially with Rémy de Gourmont, his friendship with William Butler Yeats whose early work reflects the influence of Mallarmé, and his association with Richard Aldington and others were destined to bring about a radical change in the course of American poetry.

Writing of this new school of poetry, Babette Deutsch says, "The complete imagist would seem to be at the opposite pole from such a poet as Mallarmé, who sought by phrases as vague as the music toward which they tended, by metaphors as private as the ritual of an illicit religion, to suggest his emotional and intellectual response to the world of 'appearances.' He would be, rather, close to Gautier, 'a man for whom the visible world exists.' And yet so notable an exponent as de Gourmont saw in imagism a natural development of the symbolist movement. It was, if you please, a kind of inverted symbolism. Instead of suggesting to the mind of the reader, by a cumulation of tremulous images, merging into one another, the poet's emotion, which always carried as an overtone a sense of mystery, the imagist roused a sufficient feeling of wonder by presenting the naked impact of the object upon the senses in a concentrated metaphor. Both welcomed the evidence of the developing science of psychology that the image, the symbol floating up from the depths of the mind, was the most faithful ambassador of the psyche."

It would be hard to discover an important poet of the War years who remained untouched by French influences, influences as widely differentiated as that of Mallarmé from Laforgue's. It has been proven that Pound was influenced by the symbolist group and its descendants. "It is possible to find in his *Return* the weighted rhythms of de Régnier, in his *Alchemist* a hint of de Gourmont's *Litanies*, in several poems from *Lustra* the

ironical accent of Laforgue, the wit of Corbière, the satirical savagery of Tailhade. But what Pound has in common with the Symbolists is a passion for the solution of technical problems, a passion which has set him to study their predecessors: chiefly the Parnassian who so carefully pared and polished his enamels and cameos. *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* is as obviously a tribute to Gautier as it is an attack upon those of Pound's contemporaries who had surrendered to what, with a flicker of the eyebrow at Miss Lowell, he has called "Amygism."

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, in 1914, was Amy Lowell's first volume identifying her with the Imagists. The book was, however, more of an echo of the French poets from Leconte de Lisle and de Hérédia down to Paul Fort. From the latter's *Ballades Françaises*, "vers polymorphes" printed in prose form, Miss Lowell took and developed the idea of polyphonic prose, in which form the poems of her volume, *Can Grande's Castle*, are written. In the preface she says, "Polyphonic prose is the freest, the most elastic of all forms, for it follows at will any, and all, of the rules which guide other forms. Metrical verse has one set of laws, cadenced verse another;—polyphonic prose can go from one to the other in the same poem with no sense of incongruity. Its only touchstone is the taste and feeling of the author. . . . Yet like all other artistic forms, it has certain fundamental principles and the chief of these is an insistence on the absolute adequacy of the manner of a passage to the thought it embodies. Taste is therefore its determining factor; taste and a rhythmic ear."

Of those who have made symbolist technique an active principle of English verse, T. S. Eliot is perhaps the most influential. To appreciate Eliot one must first understand the French poet who exercised a deep influence over him. Jules Laforgue died in 1887 at the age of twenty-seven. He had brought to his poetry a sardonic pessimism, a bitter irony; he juxtaposed things vast and grave to the more disagreeable details of human existence; he employed the argot of the street and the jargon of the laboratory in his poetry. For him the motivating force behind the world was some blind element, referred to in his poetry as "l'Inconscient."

In the poetry of T. S. Eliot, much of Conrad Aiken's and in that of Archibald MacLeish, one can trace the lineaments of Laforgue's temperament. All share Laforgue's pessimism, all express a distaste for the world, all share his tendency to mix subjects of a more serious nature with sordid commonplaces. Eliot's *Waste Land*, with "its concern for man's fate and its desperate brooding over the riddle of the universe" is the consummation of this type of poetry.

The literature of France, which has influenced various periods of English and American literature, continues to wield a great influence over the modern poets. The fundamentals of their poetic technique they learned from the French, and elaborating upon what they had borrowed, they found an apt medium for the expression of the bewilderment and sense of frustration that marked the poetry of the post-War period.



REMEMBERING

ESTHER M. FARRINGTON '38

Remembering —
The happiness we knew,
The joys we felt;
Our love, and Springs
Behind us.

A wood in April
Where we walked,
Just you and I
Supremely happy
Together.

Evenings, when we stood
By the old sea wall
Watching angry waves
Rise up to meet
A setting sun.

A sunset
Liquid fire
Flashing from the west
Became to us, somehow,
A part of life.

And other evenings
When we sat
There by the fire
Sometimes speaking, sometimes not,
Contented.

But now it seems
That you are gone
And it is April once again
And I am here
Alone
Remembering.

"A POET AT NINE"—Nathalia Crane

CATHERINE CLAIRE O'CONNELL '38

Is Nathalia Crane the author of her verses? For many years this question was debated by critics in the United States. Many were vehement in their denials; but sufficient evidence has given a foundation to the statement that she is the author of the verses. She has outlived the stigma of having been an infant prodigy, and rare indeed is one who fulfills the promise of a precocious beginning.

Born in New York City in 1913, of Jewish-American parents, the child had much the same up-bringing as any other child of her age. But she was apparently born to the ink pot, so to speak. Ever since she could remember she had been writing little rimes and reading everything on which she could lay her hands. At the age of eight she began to write her verses. In her ninth year she had her poetry accepted on its own merit by the *New York Sun*. Her first poem was sent to the paper without any letter accompanying it, from a parent, or a school-teacher, or a minister. There was absolutely no plea to accept it other than on its own value. The poetry editor of the *Sun* blinked, read the poem "The History of Honey" again, and rushed it into print.

Other poems came from Nathalia Crane; a "strange mixture of the esoteric and the simple; of the traveled woman and the woman who had never been anywhere." When she was asked by people where she got the words, amazing for one so young, that were found in her poetry, such words as *dinosaur* and *para-sang*, and the figures of speech which are seldom comprehended, let alone used, by any children of her age, she replied, "I read them, heard them, found them somewhere, in *Ivanhoe*, *Jungle Books*, and *Pilgrim's Progress*." She had even read the encyclopaedia at times, she gravely admitted, just for fun.

Nathalia's early remarkable verse reveals the humor and grace of childhood, a sensitive response to dictionary words, and a surprising subtlety. From her book of verse, *The Singing Crow*, we have good examples of her manner of writing. The book was published in 1926:

THE COLORS

*You cannot choose your battlefield,
The gods do that for you;
But you can plant a standard
Where a standard never flew.*

EXPERIMENTS

*There is a weird for every empty shell,
A haunt resides, where once the orchid fell;
And in collapsing chancels of the mole,
A shambling ghost still plays his eyeless role.*

When a meeting was arranged between the editor of *The Sun* and the child, after she had sent in her poem, "The History of Honey," the editor was more than astonished when he saw a long-legged, bright-eyed child about nine years old. She said, "I am Nathalia Crane, and I am grateful for your appreciation of my work." Simple, sweet, effective, she struck a lasting friendship with the editor, and was interviewed for a feature story.

In 1924, "Janitor's Boy" appeared, and it illustrated both the good and the bad points of which she was capable; for, in spite of her uncanny semblance of maturity she could not resist two childish weaknesses, a fondness for puzzling things, and a passion for archaisms. But there was such a wealth of imagery and whimsical fantasy that some readers could scarcely wait to see what she would do next. Her capture in 1927, of the prize in a contest for a poem commemorative of Lindbergh's trans-Atlantic flight, showed that at fourteen she maintained her talent unimpaired. One reads her books, not because a child has written them, but for the sheer joy of her companionship. Nathalia's moods are for the most part objective, and they are entirely true to her own childish experience of life in a big city.

One commentator has said that he had personally seen and heard nothing more painful than the flowerlike, vivid Nathalia reading out her poems so mechanically as to make them all sound alike, before a great audience of parents and children assembled to celebrate Children's Book Week. She was much more her natural self when she was not working under circumstances which proved trying to her, because she was a child unaccustomed to performing before large audiences. She was at home when she was shopping in one of Mr. Woolworth's gift shops. She never allowed herself to be taken away from the gleaming counters in less than three hours. And when she had thirty cents to spend she went about her shopping like an accomplished buyer. One time when she went shopping with Louis Untermeyer she had exhausted her budget when she saw an old-fashioned hour glass. Immediately she wanted to exchange all her other gifts for it. "I'll give you another ten cents if you will tell me why you want it," Untermeyer said. "Is it to help cook four-minute eggs?" "Oh, no," she replied, "I want to see how time goes by." It was the first thing that she had said to make him remember that he was shopping with a poet.

When Nathalia began to write in 1922, her poems were such that many critics doubted their authenticity. There were those who insinuated and tried to prove that she had never written her own poetry. All these charges were disproved. Many knew that her father greatly influenced her and was more or less consciously responsible for her "plots." But it was obvious who the poet was. She herself tells us that something welled up inside her and that she sat down at the small typewriter and crooned out the words until they seemed to fit her thoughts.

The janitor's boy himself said, "We played together a lot. I didn't know she wrote poetry then. I bet she could, though. She's smart. Naw, I never saw that one about the janitor's boy before, but I heard about it. Said I was in love with her, didn't it? Everybody was kiddin' me about it. I remember the day we built that raft, all right. It was after a big rain." Now the world acknowledges Nathalia's authorship of lines which are inimitably hers. Who but she could write—

*And oh, the dreams of ecstasy,
Oh, Babylon and Troy;
I've a hero in the basement . . .
He's the janitor's red-haired boy.*

After "The Janitor's Boy," books and more books appeared, and when she had graduated from Brooklyn Heights Seminary she received a mysterious message. The Dean of Barnard College wished to see her. Due to the kindness of an unknown friend she was to have a year's special study, but she was to write nothing for publication nor give any interviews. Nathalia was to write as she felt. Of course, it was only natural that she should accept the offer with delight. After her year's study she was given a year's trip to Spain by her unknown friend. One of her childhood ambitions was to go there; it was realized. She studied at the University of Madrid for a short time. While in Europe she visited Morocco and saw incipient revolution in Spain.

Breathless, she came back to New York with the promise that she would never try to find out the name of her benefactor, "because the unknown friend wanted to be someone who could do a beautiful thing for someone who needed it and still remain anonymous." Nathalia spent three more years at Barnard. Then she was informed that the unknown friend wanted her to publish a book; she was to collect seventy of her best poems written during her stay at Barnard and send thirty-five to William Rose Benet and thirty-five to Louis Untermeyer. Out of that selection they were each to pick the best and the thirty were to be published. *Swear by Night* appeared.

When she celebrated her seventeenth birthday she told reporters that she had just finished her seventh book, a long and very epic poem concerning an invasion of Reds, who will ravish the United States in 1945; and for some reason it was called *Pocahontas*. After the Reds invade the country, eight American poets gird on their armor and drive them back to the sea. The eight poets are said to be Robert Frost, Vachel Lindsay, Louis Untermeyer, William Rose Benet, Stephen Benet, Edwin Markham, Carl Sandburg, and Edward Arlington Robinson. Mr.

Crane is authority in the *New York Times* for the statement that his daughter's poem "is a weird thing." It certainly sounds so and it doesn't make much sense, either.

Swear by Night is an extraordinary book in many ways. Some poems are unusually graceful and sweet, while others are surprisingly awkward. One of the more graceful ones is:

PLANT THE SKY

*Once, long ago, a herald made a jest,
Stuck roses upside down upon a crest;
The sky became the earth, the earth the sky,
And many sovereigns stirred and wondered why,
But some believed the herald really tried
To root the roses on a better side.*

Nathalia is slender, dark-eyed, and not very tall. Her face is as sensitive as her songs. Anyone who knows her can say that she has met fame and has taken it in her stride. Natural, poised, wistful, she might still remind one of the little girl who penned "The Janitor's Boy" a few years ago. And for all her trophies and recognitions and all her listing in *Who's Who in America*, at twenty-three Nathalia is still the "naive, unspoiled child of destiny."



MINIATURES FROM SHAKESPEARE

Falstaff . . . barrels of ale and rounds of cold beef . . . hearty laughter, and heavy snoring . . . Tony Weller in doublet and hose . . . boldest coward in battle . . . gluttonous to a nicety . . . rollicking, boisterous, noisy . . . jester of princes, prince of jesters . . . Falstaff . . . glorified clown . . . most lovable fraud in literature.

Hotspur . . . hammer of hoofbeats . . . clanking of sword and spurs . . . hasty footsteps . . . clear laughter . . . imperious voice at the door . . . it is Hotspur . . . straight and true as the steel at his side . . . a jest, and a kiss for Kate . . . and he is off . . . to battle . . . his last . . . and the fire that was Hotspur . . . is no more.

Cordelia . . . a rose among thorns . . . the sweet silence of a summer's day . . . valiant maid . . . devoted daughter . . . steady, sincere, strong.

Iago . . . a serpent, creeping, creeping, coiling his victims into his deathly grasp . . . Iago . . . a mole eating into the deepest roots of life . . . eaten by jealousy, untouched by remorse . . . superiority complex personified . . . Iago . . . a study in red and black . . . red for the lewdness of his thoughts . . . black for the darkness of his deeds . . . honest, honest Iago.

Othello . . . "the valiant Moor" . . . a magnificent eagle . . . flying serenely in the heights of love and power . . . drawn to earth by an evil power . . . beating his wings against the bars of jealousy . . . a broken eagle.

Desdemona . . . more than Othello, loving “not wisely, but too well” . . . a candle burning pure and serene on the altar of love . . . snuffed out by a gust of passion . . . but a final flicker of pure flame . . . before complete darkness.

John of Gaunt . . . first peal of thunder . . . warning of approaching storms . . . and then . . . heard no more.

Bolingbroke . . . a deep voice . . . trembling with righteous wrath . . . model politician . . . “off goes his bonnet to an oyster wench” . . . stern, purposeful, politic . . . a solemn smile to his henchmen . . . and the back of his hand to his enemies . . . dancing an ungraceful measure to his cousin’s piping . . . Bolingbroke the reformer.

Richard II . . . a blare of trumpets . . . low bows of courtiers purple velvet . . . and ermine tails. Enter Richard, spoiled child of royalty . . . grasping for all that is bright and pretty . . . stamping his foot when scolded . . . then suddenly being slapped and put in the corner . . . looking at darkness, sees the light . . . but too late.

Lear . . . a pharos . . . holding his place in the sun . . . pomposity . . . vanity . . . the storm gathers . . . lightning crackles . . . thunder roars upon the night . . . In Lear passion combats passion . . . all is unleashed . . . growing . . . faster . . . faster . . . then—darkness . . . a moment’s brightness . . . darkness again . . . total and unremitting.

FLAVIA CALIRI '39
CATHERINE DOLAN '39
MARY DRISCOLL '39

CLAIRE MURPHY '39
MARY McGRORY '39
MARY DONOVAN '39

SONG FOR AN IDIOT

CLARE STANTON '40

The fish cleave swift
Green paths with ease;
Airy and harborless
They float through seas.

The cricket sings
The summer long—
Like the fish, aimless, and
Happy in song.

Slow dark drifts down,
My eyes go blind;
Reason falls through
A hole in my mind.

Gone! eyes and mind,
The guiding rope,
Someone gave hands to me . . .
And I will grope.

THERE WAS A LITTLE GIRL

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

SHE had moved next door to your house the very day you were nine. That was why you remembered so well; why you could say, when the matter came up, as it did so often years later, "Yes, she moved into that house in 1903. April twenty-fourth it was. I remember perfectly." And people would look at you with respect and say "Goodness, she must have made a great impression on you even then. And only nine. Imagine!" She had been nine then too, just a few months younger than you. You had been wild with joy at the thought of having someone like her to play with. Almost your own twin, too. For four years, ever since your cousin Alice had moved to Wisconsin, you'd had no one to play with but those two boys over at Stoddard's and a girl gets pretty sick of playing with boys all the time. Your mother had sighed about it sometimes and worried for fear you'd grow up to be "anti-social," living off here in this deserted place with no companions your own age at all. But then, she'd remember again, your father had to get his work done and he had to have quiet and you *couldn't* have quiet in a big place. At least that's what he always said. So you had stood that day for hours with your nose pressed flat against the window-pane, watching the men carry the things into the house. You hadn't known at first whether there were any little girls and boys in the family or not. Then you had seen the men carrying a doll's carriage and crib in, and then a great big doll house. It just made your eyes stand out in admiration. You had raced into the kitchen where your mother was frosting your birthday cake, shouting "Mother, mother, there's a little girl moving in next door. Now I won't grow up to be anti-social, will I?" And she had laughed and laughed and told your father about it when he came out of his study for dinner. But when they had stopped laughing they had looked very pleased about it and you had known that they were really glad.

As for you, you had hardly been able to wait until the next day to go over and make friends. You had wanted to go that very afternoon but your mother had put her foot down then and said no, you must wait. So nine o'clock the next morning had found you sauntering slowly up and down in front of the house next door, with a disinterested air, your birthday doll in your arms, your eyes trying to cover every window and the front door all at once. And after about five minutes you had been rewarded, for a little girl with the whitest skin and the darkest pigtails you had ever seen had come out the side door and was standing stock-still staring at you. You had felt a little bit uncomfortable under her cool scrutiny, but you had finally managed to smile a little bit and stammer "hello" and the ice had been broken. She had begun at once to chatter volubly, so that you who had always taken things rather slowly had had a hard time keeping up with her. She had said that her name was Tanya and you had gasped in admiration and had wished fervently that your mother had called you some name like that instead of just plain Ruth. (You had heard your mother and father talking about it quite a while later and your mother had laughed and said that when Tanya was born her mother had been undergoing a Russian phase and had named her baby accordingly. You hadn't known then what "Russian phase" meant but you had learned a long time later). Tanya said they had lived in New York before, but her mother had decided that she wanted to live in the country and her father always did what her mother wanted and so they had moved to the country. She was glad, she said, because she was sick of the city. You didn't have many people to play with in the city either. At least she hadn't because her mother said you had to be careful whom you took up with. But her mother had seen you from the window and said you looked like a nice little girl and she could play with you. You had felt a little bit flattered in spite of yourself and the two of you had pledged eternal friendship and had run off to a place you knew where the mayflowers bloom early, after Tanya had put on her rubbers.

And then had begun a series of good times such as you had never known before. You and Tanya had played together every

day, a mad variety of games that Tanya had invented. You often stood back in sheer wonder at Tanya's cleverness. You knew you could never think of half those games. You played dolls, and house, and store, and show, and school. Not school very much though, because Tanya didn't like school. In fact in real school the only thing she liked was being in plays and things, and of all the games, you played "show" most. Tanya loved to act and you loved to watch her so that made everything perfect.

Of course you had quarrels sometimes but not very often. You didn't like to quarrel and you soon discovered that Tanya wouldn't quarrel, either, if you let her decide what games to play and how to play them; so you always did because she could decide about them better than you could anyway. So most of the time you got along very well together. In fact Tanya's mother said once that Tanya had never played with a nicer little girl than you.

Sometimes, though, you wondered if your own mother liked Tanya and her mother as well as you did. She never said anything but when you would tell her something nice Tanya's mother had said to you, she would look a little bit cross and start to say something, then stop and not say it at all. And one time you had come into the house and she and your father had been talking and saying something about you and Tanya, and Tanya being a bad influence, but when you had asked them they had said it was nothing, and not to think anything more about it. So you hadn't bothered about it any more.

You and Tanya had stayed together as you grew older too. You had both gone to the grade school in the village, you because your father and mother wanted you to make lots of friends; Tanya because, as her mother said, they couldn't afford to have a governess for her just at that time. Later perhaps. You remembered you had been awfully glad that Tanya was going to the same school you went to.

When Tanya and her father and mother had first moved next door to you the village had been very small. But it had been growing all the years you were in the grade school and by the time you were in the eighth grade it was really quite big.

They had even started a high school. And the next September your parents and Tanya's had decided that you would go to the high school, for a while anyway. Girls didn't very often go to high school in those days and you remembered how important you had felt going off to high school with your books under your arm. Tanya had been the leader there, too, and you the follower, just as when you were younger. You didn't mind a bit, though, because Tanya was awfully pretty, with white skin and dark hair and intense grey eyes. You always felt so disgusted by your own plainness when you looked at Tanya, even though your mother did say you had beautiful skin and hair and hands. You didn't think they mattered much without other things too.

But in spite of all her popularity Tanya remained your best friend. You both felt that no one else could possibly matter so much as you did to each other. You were always together in everything, except in the plays they had sometimes at school. For you were never good enough to get a part and Tanya always had the lead. She had confessed to you once that she would like to be an actress but for once you had been stern with her and had told her not to dare to speak of such a thing again. And you knew that for once, too, her father had been stern and had said that no daughter of his would ever go on the stage. So Tanya had gone on with the plays in school and said nothing more about being an actress.

Really, the only fly in your ointment through all those high school years had been your mother's objections to your friendship with Tanya. She had seldom spoken any of her thoughts but you knew what they were and sometimes it bothered you just a little. You knew that she thought Tanya was selfish and just a little bit unkind at times. But you tried to make her see, every chance you had, how lovable she was, and not really selfish at all. "Why, Tanya would do anything for me, mother. And I'd do anything for her. We're going to be friends always. I'll never let anything come between us." After the day you had said that she had never spoken of it again and gradually you began to think she was liking Tanya better. But you knew she would never like Tanya's mother.

Then there had come an awful blow to the two of you. It was the year you graduated from high school and Tanya's mother announced that they were going to take Tanya abroad for a year or two, to "finish" her. You knew you could never survive a separation of two whole years. But you had, even though you had missed Tanya terribly. Really, the only thing that had made it bearable was the nice boy down the street who used to call on you so often. He was such good company and you had such fun together that it made up a little for Tanya's loss. But the two years couldn't last forever, and Tanya finally came home, with a new grown-up manner and just a trace of condescension for the people in the town. And she hadn't liked your new friend either—thought him just a wee bit uncouth. And gradually you had begun to see her point of view, even though she had certainly not tried to force it on you. Anyway you had much preferred to be with Tanya then, and after a while he didn't come any more. And things had settled back into their old easy grooves, the social evenings once a month at the high school hall, and the visits back and forth. Tanya settled down again, too, and seemed to forget that she had ever been away. You were together more than ever now. Even though young men came to call on you both, Tanya always said that she never intended to get married, that she would rather have you than any man alive. And you had felt awfully flattered and had squeezed her arm affectionately and agreed with her heartily.

The only thing that disturbed the even course of your lives—and then it didn't disturb your life and Tanya's but only worried the people around you—was the War that had started in Europe. Your father used to shake his head when he'd come back from the postoffice with the newspaper, and your mother would look a little frightened but you felt sure that things happening in Europe meant nothing to you and you refused to think about them. Then all of a sudden—it seemed like only a week or two, but you knew it was more than a year later—the papers were carrying big headlines about the President's Message to Congress and then a few days later about Congress declaring war.

Those war years stand out vividly still in your mind, a mad

mixture of parades, and Liberty Loans and knitting and bandage rolling. They meant little more to you than that, for the war never touched you in any real heartbreaking way, as it had some of your friends. In fact, even then you felt that war was a wildly romantic thing, with the boys in uniform and the drums and the noble, stirring speeches. You remembered how you had teased and teased your father to let you go across as a nurse, or even as a Y. M. C. A. worker, anything so you could get over there. But you had been forced to pour out your patriotism working at Red Cross headquarters in town, you and Tanya.

Tanya. Well, if the romance the war had brought you had been vicarious, it certainly had not been that way for her. For Tanya had fallen in love and gotten engaged and married, all in three short months. A young non-commissioned officer he was, stationed at the training camp about ten miles from town. Her father had not wanted it but her mother had thought it very romantic and they had been married a week before his regiment sailed. You had been disconsolate, even though you liked Tom, for you knew that Tanya would never again belong completely to you. Your mother, you knew, was a little bit glad. She had never given up her objections to your close companionship and when Tanya married she felt that it was the best thing that could have happened to you. She spoke about it that day, for the first time in years, in a way that made you see how very, very strong her feeling was. "It's not a real friendship, Ruth," she had said. "Tanya is completely self-centered. She takes all and gives nothing and she'll take the best of your life with her selfish demands if you let her. Please, dear, make other friends and don't let Tanya drive them away from you."

You had hardly listened to her then, you were so taken up with your war work and your grief over Tanya's loss. For you could not help regarding it as a loss, even though she was still living right next door. You could not tell Tanya things any more, you knew, and feel they would go no further, and it made a difference.

Then suddenly, as suddenly as it had started, the war was over and the world was sane again. Tanya's young husband

returned and they went to live in a house her father built for them at the other end of town. And you filled up your time as best you could without her, trying to be friendly with the young people about you. But somehow, they fell flat after your years of invigorating satisfying companionship with Tanya. You missed her dreadfully. Of course you visited her often but—you didn't like to. There was a queer feeling of restraint developing between Tom and Tanya and it made you uncomfortable. For you liked Tom, even though he had taken Tanya away from you, and although you tried to stifle the disloyal thought that Tanya was not being quite fair with him. She was restless, dissatisfied, and she did not hesitate to let Tom see it. You did not say anything to her, though, for you knew that sooner or later she would tell what was the matter. And she did—and it was the old ambition burning in her mind again. She was sick of marriage. She wanted to go to New York and go on the stage. She knew she could act—knew she could be somebody if they would only give her a chance. And after hearing her talk about it that night you were not very much surprised when, two weeks later, they told you she was gone. You had known that she would go and although you knew she was wrong, the old reliance on her judgment would not let you admit it. You defended her at every turn—and the attacks were fierce. Tongues wagged fast and furiously for months; Tom was pitied, Tanya condemned. Only you and her mother defended her. But after a while it died down a little as all gossip must for lack of fuel to feed itself on.

And then after six months of unbelievable loneliness, you had had a letter from Tanya, filled to overflowing with enthusiasm for her work. For she was working, had managed, in fact, to get a pretty good part in one of the shows that had been flooding Broadway since the War. It was all so fascinating, so tremendously fascinating! She couldn't understand how she had ever stagnated in a small town for as many years as she had. Anyway, now that she was out of it she'd certainly never come back.

You had been a little worried when you read the letter, happy and worried all at once. Because even though it wasn't

so bad as it had been before the War, being an actress wasn't any sort of career for a girl who had been well brought up. It was—well, it was *cheap*. Your mother and father and Tanya's father thought so too. And Tom. When you showed him the letter—because he had demanded to see it—he had looked almost ready to cry. You could see that he still loved Tanya, no matter what had happened, and that he always would. Tom was the faithful kind.

You and Tanya kept up a regular correspondence after that and even though letters were pretty poor substitutes for being with her they were better than nothing. In them she told you about her work, how exacting it was, and about the people she met and the fun she had. And you would read the letters over and over, sharing her excitement through the force of your devotion to her and being filled again and again with amazement at her genius. For it was rapidly becoming apparent that what she had was little short of genius, that her old flair for coming off with all the best parts in the plays at school was something greater than even you had realized. In three short years Tanya had New York at her feet and people were coming to see the house where she was born and talk with her father and mother. And of course you, as Tanya's best friend, came in for your share of the publicity. You answered countless questions about what she had liked to do when she was little, and how she had always loved to act, and what a powerful personality she had. One plump lady had clasped your hand tenderly in both hers and whispered, "My dear, my dear! How privileged you have been. To have grown up with her—!" And you had nodded and felt that it was indeed a privilege.

But in the midst of all the visits you had found time to become, you were quite sure, the happiest girl in the world. For *he* had come back, the boy you had been halfway in love with when Tanya had come back from Europe, and the two of you had fallen in love all over again. Real love this time, not a boy-and-girl affair. You were so happy that you seemed to be walking around in some sort of a cloud. Everything was settled. In four months you would be married. You were getting things ready at a rate that your mother said was remarkable but which

you did not think was nearly fast enough. They were having a house built for you, your two families were, and you and Joe were down there every minute you could snatch, watching the progress with jealous eyes. You were so much absorbed in it that everything else was pushed to the back of your mind. Even Tanya, almost. That is, you didn't miss her quite so much as you had at first, because, after all—well, there *was* Joe to take her place. Not that he could exactly take her place, but—well, it was just different, that was all.

Then, one Monday night, just three months before your wedding day, you and Joe were sitting in the living room, talking lazily when the telephone rang. And it was Tanya's mother. You remembered afterwards that you were very much surprised at the time, because you did not often hear from her. But what she had to tell you drove every other thought out of your head. Tanya was dying, she said. That much you could get, through her hysterical sobbing, but you couldn't understand anything else she said, though you tried desperately to get her to tell you what had happened, and where Tanya was. You finally let her hang up, then you waited a few minutes and called Tanya's father. He told you quietly, but in a voice that trembled, that Tanya was the only one badly hurt, that she was in a little hospital outside New York, but that they were bringing her home as soon as it was safe. Then after a long silence, he said, in a voice you could hardly hear, "It's her face and her eyes, Ruth."

You had hung up the receiver with an unsteady hand. Her face and her eyes——. That meant, then——. Joe had come over to you and put his arm around you quietly. "I'm sorry, Ruth," he said. "I know how much Tanya means to you."

You had broken down completely then into uncontrollable sobbing. Joe had let you cry all you could, just sitting beside you with his arm around you. Then when you could speak again you had whispered, "Oh, Joe, it will be so terrible for her. It's the end of her career—and oh, Joe, her face and her eyes—!"

"We'll help her all we can, Ruth," he said soberly. "Maybe we won't be able to do much, but we'll do our best."

And all of a sudden you had remembered the contempt Tanya had felt for him years ago, and you wondered if he knew. Then, with swift certainty you knew that even if he did he would say the same thing, that it would never make any difference in his kindness to her.

In four weeks Tanya came home.

It was not quite so bad as they had thought it was going to be. They had been able to save her sight. But her face was scarred, and scarred badly. You went to see her four or five times that first week and each time you came away with a lump in your throat and tears burning behind your eyelids. You felt so helpless before this person, whom you knew so well and yet did not know at all. Inevitably, each time, before you left, Tanya would burst into passionate tears, and exhaust herself and you with the storm of her emotion. And yet you could not stay away. You were the only one who could help at all. Her father and mother said so and in your heart you knew it was true. You knew that the years you two had been friends had taught you how to say the things that would help her, if anything could.

But Joe was not so anxious as you were that you should visit her so frequently. At first he didn't mind—wanted you to go, in fact. Then after a while he began to look worried. He said that you were pale, that the strain being put on you was too much, that he wasn't going to stand for Tanya ruining your health. You had protested violently at this, denied fiercely that it was doing any harm to you at all. He didn't say anything more then, but you could tell that you hadn't changed his mind.

There was only one thing about it all that made you the least bit happy. That was—Tanya and her husband seemed to be on the way to a reconciliation. He had come as soon as he had heard about the accident—had gone to bring her home from the hospital, in fact. And he was staying there at the house, desperately glad to accept the invitation Tanya's father had extended to him. Every time you went to see her you looked anxiously for signs that Tanya was beginning to rely on him a little. They were not easy to find but you were confident that

in time your desire would be realized. But you knew that Joe did not think so, for you had said as much to him one day and he had looked down at you in a way that you did not understand and had muttered something about "useful to her."

You had looked at him in speechless astonishment, then demanded to know what in the world he meant. He had looked at you indecisively for a moment, then with grimness in his voice had begun to speak. "Ruth, I know you won't like this, but I'm going to say it anyway. If Tanya thinks Tom can be of any use to her she'll go back to him. She is utterly selfish. For years she's used you to fulfill every whim of hers; then Tom came along and she used him until she got tired of him. Now she has no one else but you two. She'll find work for both of you to do."

When he stopped speaking you were silent. You could hardly believe that it was Joe who had said those things. Why, he was never unkind about people. Then, suddenly, your temper flared up and the two of you had one of your rare quarrels. That is, to be perfectly honest, you did the quarreling. Joe just listened to you, quietly enough, but when you stopped you knew that you had not changed his opinion. Ready to cry and thoroughly angry, you had snatched your hat and coat and had gone over to see Tanya, leaving him there.

In a day or two, of course, you had made it up. You couldn't possibly stay angry with Joe for very long. But you did feel that he was being unjust, even though you knew that he was prompted only by love for you.

And now your wedding day was drawing very near and you were so happy and so busy with your clothes and your house and Tanya that you were on the go every minute of the day. Of course you had to show her every new thing you bought just as soon as you bought it and that always took some time. You were a little bit worried about her, too. At times she seemed even more bitter and sullen than she had been when she first came home. You tried to bring her out of it by being as happy and cheerful as you could, and making plans for amusements in which she could take part. But she even refused to talk about

how she felt until one afternoon two weeks or so before the wedding. You were sitting in her room, talking about nothing very important when she said, suddenly, in an odd, intense sort of tone:

“Ruth.”

You had smiled at her and said:

“What is it, Tanya?”

“Ruth,” she had said, “we’ve always meant a lot to each other, haven’t we?”

You had looked up surprised, for Tanya was not given to revealing her feelings at all, but you had hugged her and said:

“We certainly have, Tanya.”

“Then, Ruth, I want you to do something for me. You *must*. Remember how years ago you used to say that you’d do anything for me, that no—that no man would ever break up our friendship?”

You had felt a vague, unexplained sort of fear when she said that, but you said nothing, just sat there and waited for her to go on.

“Then, Ruth, don’t break your promise to me. Don’t. I need you more than Joe does. His life is whole. Mine is shattered to bits. Stay with me, Ruth. I need you. You won’t have to see him again if you break it off. We needn’t stay here. I have plenty of money. We can travel. You made that promise to me years ago. I’m asking you to keep it now.”

You had sat perfectly still, staring at her white, strained face. Your mind was blank, all but for a little voice way back in some vague recess, saying over and over, “Useful. Useful. Useful to her.”

Then you had found your voice.

“Tanya, you don’t mean that.”

“Ruth, I never meant anything more seriously in my life. Don’t twenty years mean anything to you? Would you have

me spend the rest of my life in a living hell? I tell you I need companionship. I must have someone."

"There's Tom," you had said, always in that flat, dry voice.

"I don't want Tom. I need you, Ruth. And I think you should come. You'll forget Joe in a short time. Love isn't so all-enduring as people think."

You had moistened your lips carefully with your tongue. Your mind was not even in the present now. It was back in those far-off days when you both were small, when Tanya had decided things and you had followed. And you were remembering the time she went to Europe and how you had first met Joe and how, when she had come back, he had gone. Suddenly you saw with awful clarity how she had made you feel about him. She had driven him away then. And you remembered her own marriage and how, even when Tom had first come along, she had forgotten you. You saw these things as you had never seen them before, and your eyes stung and your throat was tight. But you would not cry. Twenty years were a long time. A long time to have been blinded by an ideal. You might have twenty more ahead of you to balance them; but still—it was a long time to have wasted.

You stood up slowly and folded the two new dresses carefully. Then you said cheerfully:

"No, Tanya, I'm afraid it's impossible. It's too bad, but that's how it is. And now I must go, for I have a great many things to do." You held out your hand. "Goodbye, Tanya," you said.

NOCTURNAL NAPPING

CLARE STANTON '40

The lovely lady on the wall
Smiles down on me with mural ease,
She might be anyone at all—
A Fra Angelico,
Or a Raphael,
Or a Mona Liz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z.

OIL MAN

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

OLD MAN FRIEDEL, a nondescript, tattered figure, trudged slowly around to the back door of the brown frame house and knocked loudly.

"Any oil today, Mrs. Ubelacker?"

"Ya, I need a gallon."

The housewife handed out an empty jug, Friedel stumped back through the garden, radiant in the spring sunshine. He shifted his wad of tobacco and spat reflectively as he eyed the forsythia petals strewing the ground like molten sunlight. When he returned, his customer was waiting.

"Have a cookie, they're jest fresh baked."

"No'm, thanks, but—— I was jest wond'rin'," he looked greedily at the garden, "could I have a few of your lilacs? I ain't got none round my place an' they're mighty purty."

"Sure, Oscar, jest help yourself. We've got loads of them."

Silver clanked into the outstretched, greasy hand and Mrs. Ubelacker went back to her work, talking to her mother shelling peas by the sink.

"Isn't that pitiful, Ma, that poor old soul wanting a few flowers? I declare, I don't know how he lives down in that rickety shack of his. His wife's been dead for years—and that no-good son hasn't been heard from since he left town. Left in a hurry, too, I guess. Oscar's as dirty and ragged as a scarecrow, but I always say, there must be some good in a man who loves flowers. Now do you think I'd better make three pies? Those kids do have terrible appetites."

Old Man Friedel was rattling out of town as fast as the antiquated chariot would go. He had finished his route for the

day and the oil tank in back jiggled hollowly. Piled behind the seat were armfuls of gorgeous purple and white lilacs, masses of forsythia, bunches of velvety purple violets and gay jonquils. A smile of satisfaction twisted his seamy face. Business was sure good today. Hoboken fifteen miles!

* * * * *

The old car bumped over cobbled streets and creaked to rest in a sunless alley. With incongruous care Friedel carried the flowers into a shop. He was greeted by a bland apparition in faultless morning clothes.

"Rather late today aren't you, Oscar?"

"Wal, y'know I got business t'tend to, Mr. Wright."

"Of course. Will you have any more flowers for us this week? We could use a lot more."

"Reckon I'll have some end of th' week."

He was eyeing speculatively the fat billfold.

"You must have a pretty place up there. Here you are, ten dollars."

The green bill disappeared into the depths of a pocket, undiscernible in the tattered overalls, and the old man shuffled out with a grunt that was presumably a farewell.

* * * * *

Chugging back along the quiet country road Oscar wiped a furrowed brow with a greasy handkerchief that had obviously seen better days.

Gosh, them city streets were tur'ble crowded. Feller was like to get killed jest drivin' through'em. Wal, he'd get that new carburetor today, and the meerscham pipe in Hadler's that he'd had his eye on. Mebbe it'd be cheaper now. The peenies and roses would be comin' along in about a week or two. Mrs. Griffin had the best roses in town—the real, expensive, red ones. An' he'd get some gas—it sure did cost money t'ride way down there every week.

COURAGE

CATHERINE M. O'CONNOR '39

THE history of our private lives is little more than the recital of our wrestlings with Satan and sin, the chronicle of our victories and our defeats in battling with the world and its temptations. When a soldier goes into battle he needs weapons, it is true, but even more he needs courage. And so it is with us. In struggling against the forces that make for our eternal destruction, our greatest need is courage.

Courage is an attribute in men that instinctively we admire. We need no teacher to tell us that it is a wonderful thing to be brave. The lack of courage is recognized as a defect and if, in our own hearts, we find it lacking, we are not only sorry, but ashamed. We try to conceal our defect, to cover it up, even to hide it from ourselves, for there is nothing we are so reluctant to admit as cowardice. Courage is an honorable virtue. Men have always loved and praised it, for it lends glory and splendor to the soul in which it dwells. The literature of courage has always found fame, and the history of the brave is written in letters of gold. In the strange and lurid annals of war we love to read of deeds of self-forgetfulness which stand forth amid the din and smoke of battle. We love to read of those angels of the battlefield, the nuns at the front, who have defied shot and shell to minister to the wants of the wounded and dying. Truly, war is a black cloud hovering over the land, but if that cloud has a silver lining, it is the courageous charity and the charitable courage of these noble men and women.

One of our greatest pleasures is to read, to hear, and to see examples of true courage in all parts of the world; men and women leaving the happiness of home and loved ones to labor and suffer and die for their fellowmen. It pleases us to see the courage of a son or daughter who will make any sacrifice to

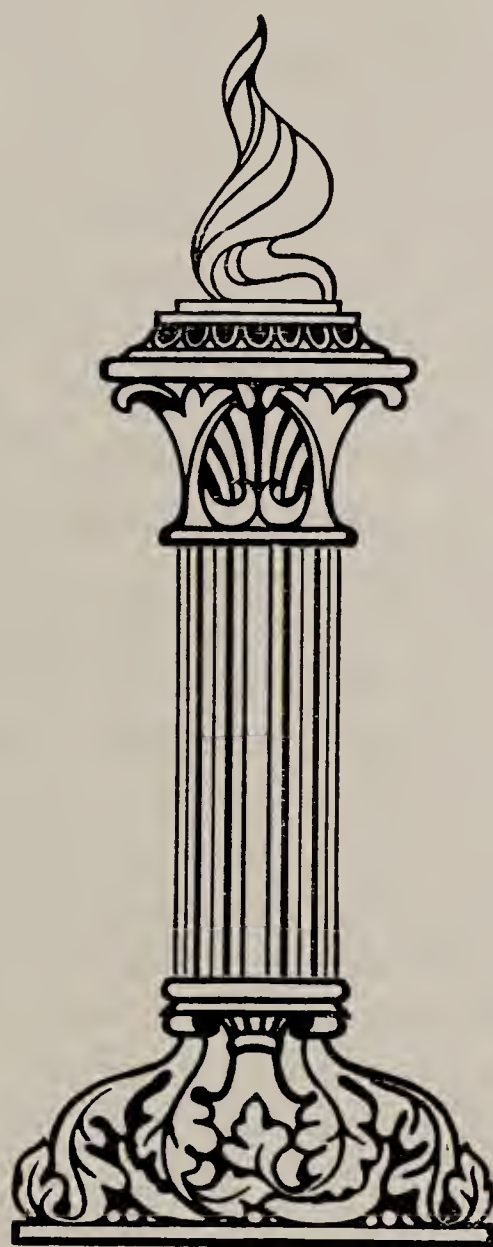
lighten the burden of an aged father or mother ; who will toil, day in, day out, to care for some helpless brother or sister. Their way is hard at times, but they are made strong to follow it by the courage which fills their generous souls.

Courage is an honorable, a noble virtue, but at the same time it is a very serviceable one. There is hardly a place in which it cannot be practised to advantage. Genius is talent set on fire by courage. Fidelity is simply daring to be true in small things as well as in great. As many as are the conflicts of life, so many are the uses and forms of courage. It is needed to be the protector and defender of the other virtues. It is the standing army of the soul. Unless we are brave we can hardly be truthful or generous, just or pure, loyal or kind. It takes courage to suppress a harsh word and to utter a kind one instead. It takes courage to forgive an injury and not to repay in kind. It takes courage to frown on an unsavory conversation, to turn our curious eyes from what may endanger our souls. In a word, it takes courage to live as God would have us, all our lives.

Let us now try to understand the difference between courage and some of the things that are often mistaken for it. First of all, there is a sharp distinction between courage and recklessness. The reckless person is an ignorant person ; he rushes into danger without knowing what danger is. The brave man is intelligent ; he faces danger because he understands it and is prepared to meet it. Another distinction must be made between courage and insensibility. Some natures are so constituted that they are insensible to pain ; their nerves are sluggish and deeply hidden. To persons of this make-up, fear is comparatively a stranger. They can move along with indifference in situations in which more sensitive natures would be profoundly excited. Nevertheless we must not suppose that this insensibility makes them brave ; it simply exempts them in some measure from the necessity of courage. The bravest soul is the soul which feels the fear and resists it, shrinks from the fire and faces it. A pale face, a trembling hand, a heart that stands still with dread, may belong to one who is brave enough to go into the midst of conflict, without faltering or failing, straight on to victory or death. Courage is not in the absence of fear but in its conquest. And

that conquest is most often to be made by the dogged determination of which Longfellow speaks:

*The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight ;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night.*



SPRING MALADY

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

*"When Spring brings back blue days and fair,"
And yawns and yodels fill the air.*

SPRING, beautiful Spring! The blissful time when bodies slump inertly in classrooms, and minds soar freely as the birds, when hearts trip the light fantastic down the flowery (and rocky) paths of love. The insidious and pernicious diseases of Spring—Love and Laziness, distressing and ever recurrent phenomena deplored by professors,—take an annual toll far greater than the combined casualties of measles, pneumonia, and auto accidents. Both diseases are actively contagious and extremely difficult to handle, but, if taken in time may be checked by various violent but effective measures.

The symptoms of the first disease, Love, are difficult to diagnose in the beginning but they become rapidly acute (and distressing to observers not likewise afflicted), usually reaching the delirious stage sometime in May. The first indications are a lackadaisical air, sighs of ineffable wistfulness, and a tendency to stare dreamily out of windows at the budding trees. At this point care must be exercised in order to avoid a wrong diagnosis as the symptoms of the second disease are quite similar although more pronounced. If promptly discovered the malady may often be checked by:—

A. Reminding the patient with callous frankness of previous outbursts of silliness—and consequent confusion and disillusionment. Transportation of the victim to a cabin in the North Woods or to a desert island may help, but this is often impractical.

B. A subtly induced interest in some outdoor sport such as tennis or horseback riding may serve to distract the victim. Of course there are dangers lurking on tennis courts and bridle

paths and you will have to use your own judgment in such matters. Perhaps, on second thought a tactful reminder of coming exams, or daily vociferous discussions of the new spring hats or the international situation will prove more effective.

In any case, when the sufferer passes this first stage the affliction becomes more pronounced and treatment is practically useless. The victim is distinguished by an air of blissful rapture (called "sappy" by the vulgar and uninitiated), absolute indifference to surroundings approaching almost *rigor mortis* (a violent shaking is usually necessary to restore a semblance of life and reason), and last and most fatal of all, an irresistible impulse to scribble sentimentally maudlin scraps of verse, overflowing with birds and bees and trees and love's young dream among the flowers. It wrings one's heart to see a person in so pitiable a state, oblivious to scorn, impervious to ridicule, moving with light feet—and lighter head—to the inevitable cataclysm.

The second malady, Laziness, commonly known as Spring Fever, is likewise widespread during the primeval season and equally devastating in its effects. The first recognizable symptom is an air of complete disgust, accompanied, in the more violent cases, by hurling of books and heated remarks anent study in general. This is usually followed by a week or two of dark brooding and vague mutterings about Pago Pago, Bermuda in the spring and the road to Mandalay. At this point it is dangerous, even suicidal to mention such things as exams. Just let the disease take its course—you can do no more.

The victim now passes through a state of frenzy marked by utter inability to remain in one spot more than two minutes, and by careless hanging out of windows to sniff the balmy breezes, interspersed with sighs of longing and black looks for unoffending professors. Do not be alarmed if directly after this the victim disappears for a period of time. It is the last, uncontrollable stage during which the sufferer must take to the open road and get back to Nature (if only by way of Revere Beach) or die in the attempt. Just be sure that your notes are complete and orderly when she returns to the fold, chastened and timorous of the fast-approaching exams.

If she doesn't return at all—just save your notes till September; she'll need them then.



WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

WE had thought that at last we were sufficiently hardened and world-weary to resist the blandishments of a few spears of green grass and some crocuses, and to remain sane in spite of the fact that Spring was practically here. It seems we are not. We have Spring Fever, with a slight rash. However, we are still strong enough to keep some leash on ourselves. We have resolved that we shall not pour out our emotions on paper. We shall write no poetry; and we shall write no prose slushy with twittering birds and babbling brooks. We hope that our friends will show some sense of gratitude for what they are being spared.

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In spite of all our good resolutions we are going to permit ourselves one little bit of self-indulgence. No matter what time of year it is, we cannot help enthusing after a visit to Fenway Court. We think that that lovely spot, left by Mrs. Jack Gardner to the people of Boston, rates enthusiasm. Aside from the place it holds as one of the finest museums of its kind in the country, it is rich with an atmosphere that is not often found.

We could spend hours sitting by the court and then come back again the next day and spend a few hours more. It is filled, all the year round, with flowers grown in the conservatories for which Mrs. Gardner provided. Statues from the gardens of ancient Italy have come to look as if they had been there always. And at the far end the soft, musical falling of water into water adds the one quiet touch of perfection.

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As we read over that last paragraph we groan for our good resolutions and wonder how long this is going to last. Nevertheless we shall let it stay. If we couldn't keep our first resolve at least we won't be guilty of changing our mind again.

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During the hour or so towards midnight in which we are making up our mind when or if we should go to bed, we have acquired the habit of reading the page of the newspaper which contains the "Want" Ads. And we desire to pronounce, herewith, that they are most interesting. Not the humdrum, run-of-the-mill kind, of course. They are not worthy of notice. But every now and then there is one for whose author the world must be looking. That type deserves to be classed with *Americana*. Here is one tidbit:

"Young man with a smattering of knowledge and experience in various trades; slow worker, not too thorough; will not consider starvation wages."

Now we like that young man's candor. Unassuming, he is, and yet practical.

And this:

"An ignorant lazy fathead wants to play around as he pleases on problems big shots don't solve; needs \$40 week and use of electrical lab. apparatus."

The thought came to us at first that this second young man

might not have due respect for his capabilities. Then we decided that he was just being charmingly modest.

We wonder if they got the jobs.

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Rumors of war and marching feet in Europe bring vividly back to us a familiar childhood memory. There was a drive we used to take, up along the Hudson to Bear Mountain and West Point, and the Storm King Highway. We loved that drive, the road blasted out of the solid rock, twisting precariously around the cliff—with the shivery possibility that a loose boulder *might* fall on the car. There were docks to look at, and great coal boats and white excursion steamers plying up and down the river. But the spot we watched for eagerly was just above Haverstraw, near Jones Point. There, for a mile or more along the river, a fleet of ships rode at anchor, three and four deep, rocking with the back wash from passing boats. They were transport ships, rotting away in the placid waters of the Hudson, red with rust, still showing in places their giddy camouflage. We always tried to count them—there seemed to be miles and miles of them. And sometimes, at night, when their massive hulls loomed up against the sky, we looked half fearfully for lights, the sound of a rattling anchor chain, the stentorian cry of a lookout, or a doughboys' chorus—and heard only waves lapping quietly against their scaly sides.

We've heard that they no longer ride at anchor there, that they've been sold for scrap iron. But we shall always remember them there in the Hudson—row upon row—long lines beside the green fields—riding at rest—a great ghost fleet.



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EDITORIAL

During the past five or six years faithful movie-goers have sat delighted through countless dozens of movies depicting the life of youth at college. They have thrilled to football yells and mawkish heroism, called to the fore for the "dear ol' Alma Mater." This phase of movie-making, like so many another, is simply a good thing gone wrong. It carries to excess and too often makes ridiculous a sentiment which should be a very real part of college life. That sentiment is school spirit and it is doubtful if any college can exist without it for long. When school spirit goes, it takes with it the support from within which is a physical necessity for any structure; and the withdrawal of that support means just what the withdrawal of a material support would mean. That is—collapse.

Colleges grow on school spirit. They depend for their very existence on that almost indefinable bond which draws their

students and their alumni together and makes them work as one for the common good.

Almost indefinable, and yet this bond can, after a fashion, be explained. Stripped of its sentimental trappings of *rah-rahs* and races, college spirit means something definite. It means that when you talk about your college to others you are loyal to it; that you never run it down for the pure pleasure of airing your opinions. It means that you support its activities, with your presence as well as with your money; that you do not refuse your assistance with the excuse that these things are no concern of yours. It means that you keep its rules, realizing that those rules were wisely made, realizing that without them your college would not be worthy of the name. And it means that when you have left school you never do a single thing that could hurt the reputation which generations before you have helped to build. For a college is a living thing and all the loyalty of all the generations of the past can never balance disloyalty in the generation of the present.





BOOK NOTES

Chaucer, amused at our attempt to display our speculative knowledge, might soundly remark to the Clerk that we do not “wol conveyen oure matere,” since, though our chatter might go on endlessly, our written word is persistently sententious. To compensate, therefore, for insufficient estimates, we offer here a rather long list of books for your perusal, all but two of which are written by Catholics and released within the year—many for Christmas, nearly a score for Spring.

In criticizing today's fiction, we ought to begin with something of real literary value, and for those of you who surreptitiously have been reading James Joyce or Dos Passos of the stream-of-consciousness school we suggest a World War novel—*In Parenthesis* by David Jones (Faber, London). Knowing he comes out of Dichling, we are less surprised at his amazing beauty of imagery which catches much of its inspiration from the liturgy. His erudition embraces Welsh mythology, Gaelic legends, and Anglo-Saxon poetry, yet he finds his chapter headings in Gerard Manley Hopkins. Perhaps this is the first modern Catholic novel that is true literature as well,—its modernity reaches even to the type, which in make-up rivals anything we have met in fiction.

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From the Great War we jump back back three centuries to the days of Lord Montrose and his company of Irish Warriors who stormed the Scotch lowlands. Maurice Walsh's *The Dark Rose* (Mc-

Bride) is the only book on the best seller list by a Catholic—not necessarily why we recommend it!—and it is Walsh's best story. He is the romantic historian of Ireland's past whose interwoven stories of Martin Somers, Nuala Kierley, and David Gordon sing "Come back to Eire" to all expatriates.

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Brother Flo (Macmillan) will probably sell for two reasons—first, because its author, George Shuster, is editor of *Commonweal*, and second, because its pattern, *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, so delighted our sentimentality. We, however, are inclined to regard this as a poor attempt to create a character. The writing borders on the elementary;—if it is an attempt at simplicity it is over-done. The few clever quips are obviously bright sayings of the author, thrown into the text with a Jack Horner gesture.

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Look for *The Long Tomorrow* (Appleton) to be published on the eighth of April. The authoress (her name has eluded us) gives us her first novel in this, and from a cursory glance at an advance copy, we suspect a strong influence by Willa Cather. Its setting is mid-western and its principal is the town's new curate.

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If you belong to that group of readers (well padded by college professors) who like a nice mystery, with a gory corpse, several suspects and a none too bright police captain, turn to any of Ronald Knox's murders. His latest is his longest, *Double Cross Purposes* (Hodder and Stoughton), and is much complicated by maps and motives. Monsignor Knox, the Catholic chaplain at Oxford University, can number among his famous literary converts the blasé Evelyn Waugh and the rationalizing apologist, Arnold Lunn.

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Biographers have become so prolific of late, we follow the procession of new titles with increasing difficulty. Indeed, at this point we depart from the ethics of book reviewing to recommend two or three dominant works which we ourselves have not yet read. We shall call them the "they-tell-us-books," and shall begin, obviously with *Philip II* by William Thomas Walsh (Sheed and Ward). There are over seven hundred pages in Professor Walsh's extremely scholarly life, and in reading the first two hundred we have found it absorbingly interesting. What pleases us most is that we get a complete judgment of the whole of European history at Philip's important time,—of Henry VIII and his divorce, of Elizabeth, of Pope Clement, and of Henry of Navarre. It is not without a little sob

that we think of Philip's beautiful Spain and the wreck Cardena's army is making of it! We are told that the end of the book could have been more discreet, but if all of Europe's history can be chronicled as William Thomas Walsh has begun, we may anticipate a more gratifying future for students of history.

* * * *

Next to Spain lies Portugal, the land of the heroine of Father Vincent McNabb's new little biography, *St. Elizabeth of Portugal* (Sheed and Ward) and quite appropriately as a tale of peace making, it reminds us of the contrast between present day Spain and the Christian government in Lisbon. The utterly delightful Introduction gives us Father McNabb as he really is—not autocentric, as he believes himself, but, rather, as a close and worthy friend of his patron. St. Elizabeth had a very stormy life, married as she was to a faithless husband, and mother of a fiery tempered son. But as we have frequently noted before, saints seem to have run in families in those days, and in this case even family miracles happened, for both St. Elizabeth and her aunt St. Elizabeth of Hungary had money turn into roses!

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For Chesterton enthusiasts, Father John O'Connor (the original Father Brown) has given us a short portrait called *Father Brown on Chesterton* (Hutchinson). This will be of interest only to those who already know Chesterton well, since it makes no attempt at completeness, but merely tells the story of his conversion and here and there recalls a few anecdotes.

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If you have enjoyed Mrs. Winthrop Chanler's *Roman Spring*, you will be thrilled with Elizabeth Jordan's *Three Rousing Cheers* (Appleton), an account of her own life and her friendships with the great of American literary society of thirty years ago. Miss Jordan at present is dramatic critic of *America*.

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Sliding from straight biography to history, our eye first hits upon Maisie Ward's *Insurrection versus Resurrection* (Sheed and Ward) which, though not uniform with *The Wilfrid Wards and the Transition*, is really its second volume. It is an indispensable book for students of the Catholic literary revival, and though we must place it on the "they-tell-us" list, we have no compunctions about universal commendation. The *Catholic Herald* suggests that Mrs. Sheed's life of Chesterton which she is now preparing might very well work in as the third volume of this set. Together they will pre-

sent a complete survey of England's most important Catholics in the intellectual rebirth.

* * * *

For Spanish War comment we have read nothing to equal H. E. Knoblauch's *Correspondent in Spain* (Sheed and Ward). We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Knoblauch in the New York Sheed and Ward office on the day his book was published, and remember him as an extremely tall, well-built young man, with a most friendly and leisurely manner. The book is an accurate account from behind the Madrid Loyalist lines of the activities of the "government" during the first years of the war. It reveals the unfair censorship of the press, tells of horrible murders among the citizenry, and estimates the leaders of the Loyalist forces. The author limits everything to what he has seen—and he saw enough to put us on Franco's side!

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For the cheerful ascetic we offer three new titles, all by authors whose very names are pass-words into spiritual regions—*Meditations for Lent* by St. Thomas Aquinas (Sheed and Ward), *Christian Perfection and Contemplation* (Herder), by Garrigou-LaGrange, *Priest and Penitent* by John C. Heenan (Sheed and Ward).

* * * *

Even after Baptism we continue to suffer the effects of original sin, though—*felix culpa!*—without Adam's sin we would not have a Savior. We require wisdom, understanding, fortitude and the rest to get along, and *Confirmation in the Modern World* (Sheed and Ward) by Mattias Laros discusses the great possibilities of Confirmation as the sacrament of Catholic Action. Our life is not a pleasant step from virtue to virtue, but a continued warfare with the organizing genius of the kingdom of evil—Lucifer. Raissa Maritain in the *Prince of this World* (St. Dominic's Press) teaches us to respect that fallen angel in his dignity as a pure spirit even though he never performed the wholesome ministry for which he was ordained. So it is that although he lost his appointed place as governor of this universe and "executor of divine command," he remains here as "Pretender to all Empires," having regained in part through Adam's fall what he lost by his own. But this time he gains dominion over all sinful nature. Through the Redemption we are given a kingdom, but it is not of this world, and for this we must prepare. In this preparation the Church lavishes its grace through its sacraments, and with none more militant than Confirmation, that the Holy Spirit might reign within us. "The pierced hands of the Son are needed to loose the merciful hands of the Father, held captive by our sins, to put in bonds the Prince of this world, and destroy his principality." And the Sanctifier gives us the needed strength and

ammunition to fight. No one makes this clearer than Edward Leen, the master of mental prayer, in his popular exposition of the work of the Holy Ghost in souls—*The Holy Ghost* (Sheed and Ward). He shows that the mystery of the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit is that one among the mysteries of faith which has the potentiality of making human life a more worthy expression of Christianity. These three fore-going books are "Musts" for the year's reading.

* * * *

There is always a number of books appearing on purity and sexual morality and although those tearing down standards of ethics may appear in novel form the sane Catholic ones have plain titles and plainer principles. During the year three important ones have come to our attention, each dealing with a specialized phase, each treated in a lucid, Catholic manner, each allowing of no compromise. Father Martin D'Arcy's *Christian Morals* (Longmans), T. G. Wayne's *Morals and Marriage* (Longmans), and C. C. Martindale's *Wedlock* (Sheed and Ward) are top-notch on the ethics list. But, then, we are fond of everything Father Martindale writes!

* * * *

We seem to be nearing the end of our suggestions without noticing our first love—the department of English literature. We have looked vainly for startling books this year, but so far can suggest only one volume of verse—and that, an excellent one—*Hymns to the Church* (Sheed and Ward), by Gertrude von le Fort, translated by Mrs. Winthrop Chanler; one rollicking book of criticism—*Shaw; George Versus Bernard*, by J. B. Hackett (Sheed and Ward), and one collection of essays, *Eight Decades*, by Agnes Repplier (Houghton, Mifflin). Perhaps what we need is a good book on Patmore?

* * * *

But here Saint Paul wants to get a word in: "For the rest, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if there be any praise of discipline, think on these things."

M. D.

E. C. ECHOES

Lecture

On February twenty-eighth at three-forty, Mr. Frank Sheed of London gave a delightful lecture to the students. His subject, "Crowd Psychology," was developed in a most humorous and entertaining manner.

Plays

Several Emmanuel girls took part in the German and Spanish plays given by Boston College in connection with the celebration of its seventy-fifth anniversary. Ruth Norton, Esther Farrington, Elizabeth Schuler, and Winifred Doyle were in the cast of the German play; Lillian Hastings, Helen McGettrick ('35) and Yolanda Lodie ('37) in that of the Spanish play.

German and Historical Societies Lecture

On March second, the members of the German and Historical Societies combined in sponsoring an illustrated lecture on "Historic Chateaux and Monasteries in Switzerland." The lecture was given by Mrs. Harold Vanderbilt.

Foreign Mission Society

The Freshman members of the Foreign Mission Society held a "County Fair" on March seventh in the gymnasium. The affair was most successful.

"Epilogue"

The EPILOGUE Staff held its annual fashion show on March ninth in the gymnasium. It was even more interesting than usual, due to the fact that the display was of coiffure styles. Members of the student body served as models.

Sodality

The Symposium on Christian Marriage sponsored by the Sodality Union was held at Emmanuel on Sunday, March thirteenth. It was most informative and very well presented.

Assembly Program

On Wednesday, March sixteenth, a Saint Patrick's Day program was presented at Assembly. Monologues, Irish dances and songs made it enjoyable and fitting.

Band Concert

On Sunday, March twenty-seventh, a band concert was held in the College auditorium. It was given by the band of the First Corps Cadets, conducted by Lieutenant Karl F. Withol.

German Club

On Wednesday, March thirtieth, the Sophomore and Junior members of the German Club presented a play entitled "Die Biene Maia," of which they had made an English translation. The work was well done and the play very successful.

Appointment Bureau

During the past month and a half, the Appointment Bureau has been offering to the students an interesting series of talks for vocational guidance. Publishing, library work, civil service, occupational therapy, secretarial work, and social service have been treated; and much has been done to give the students a clearer view of the openings in various fields.

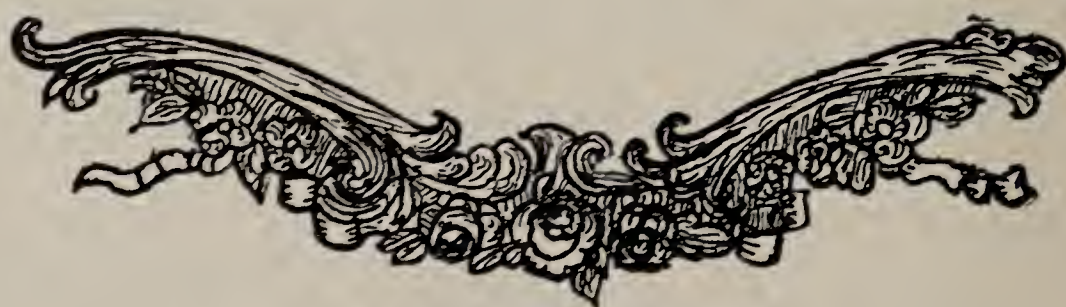
Convention

The Students' Spiritual Leadership Convention was held at Boston College on April second and third. Over one thousand delegates from Catholic colleges, high schools, and hospital training schools in the east were in attendance. The two-day program carried on by the student representatives featured reports, resolutions, and discussions of present tendencies in Catholic action.

Essay Contest

At a General Assembly on March twenty-fourth, His Excellency, Governor Hurley, visited Emmanuel to award the prizes offered by the Reverend Charles A. McInnis of Saint John's Seminary for two essay contests, open to all the students of the College. The prize for the first contest, offered in memory of the mother of Father McInnis, was for an essay on the Catholic who has contributed to the greatest extent to the art and culture of Boston. That for the second contest, in memory of Sally Hurley, was for an essay on a child saint. The program was opened by the Reverend Francis X. Sallaway, giving a history of the contest. The prize for the first contest was then awarded by Father McInnis to Audrey Swendeman, '39; the prize for the second was presented by Governor Hurley to Elizabeth Wilson, '40. After the Governor's address, the College Song and the Star-Spangled Banner were sung.

When the Assembly was over, His Excellency and Mrs. Hurley met the Faculty and the guests of the College at tea in the reception rooms.



ALUMNAE NEWS

Class of 1935

Kathleen Field will be married on April thirtieth, to Mr. Joseph Patrick O'Reilly, in Saint Augustine's Church, South Boston.

Class of 1936

Helen Lyons is teaching English to Sophomores and Juniors in the South Boston High School.

Class of 1937

Margaret Brooks is doing substitute teaching in the Somerville schools.

Anna Cahill is training at the Tewksbury State Hospital.

Ruth Gallagher is doing volunteer work with the Massachusetts League of Women Voters.

Margaret Nestor is in the designing business with her cousin.

Anne Noble is tutoring in French in Wollaston.

Mary Scanlon is a technician at the Deaconess Hospital.

Lucy Verza is doing group work at the North Bennett Street Industrial School.

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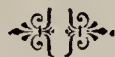
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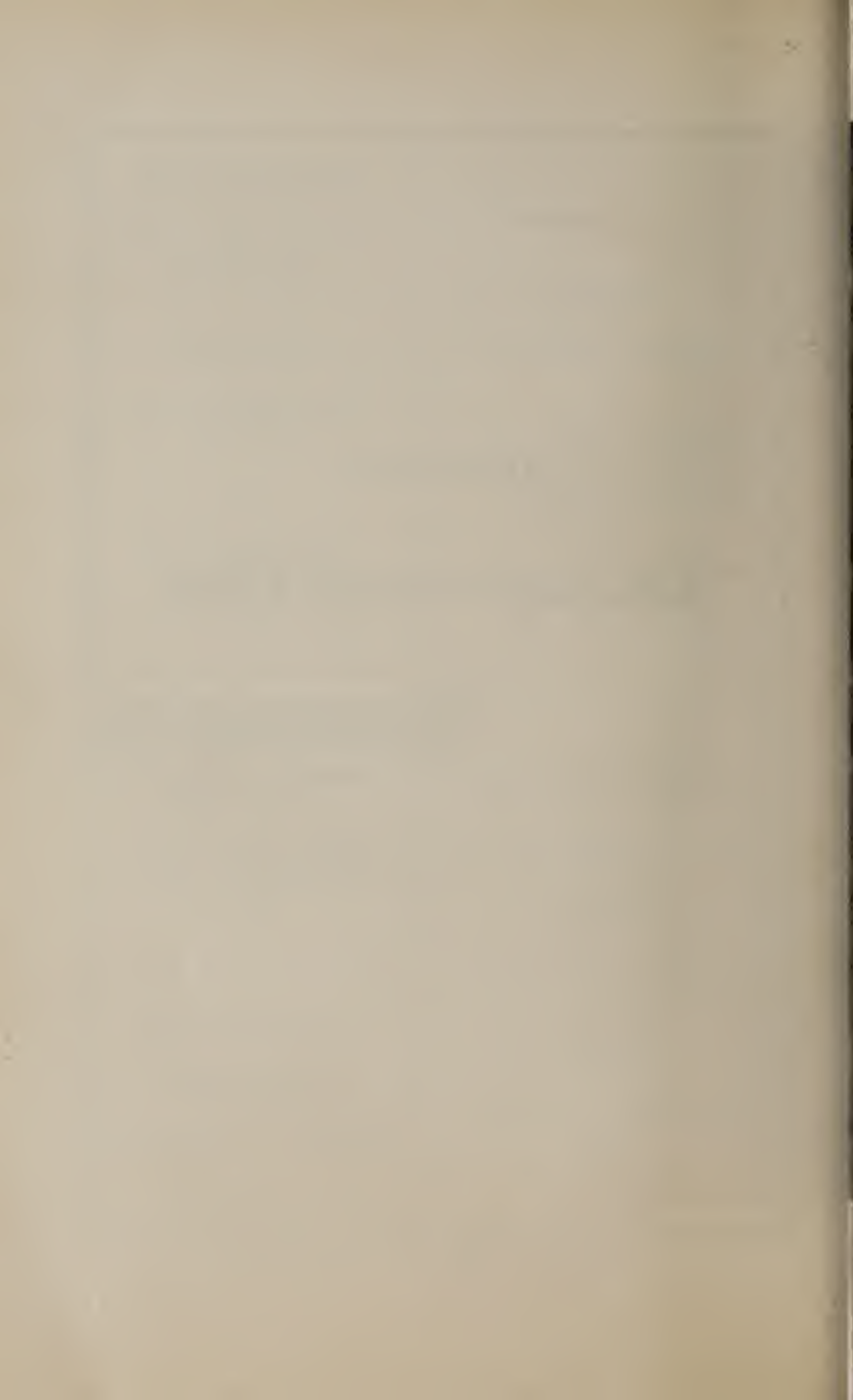
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TABLE OF CONTENTS



A POET'S PERSONALITY.....	Margaret Cashin, '38.....	131
DEDICATION	Audrey Swendeman, '39.....	134
PLAINT OF THE UNBORN, <i>Verse</i>	Rosemary McLaughlin, '38....	139
FROM THE SPANISH FRONT.....	Margaret Cahill, '38.....	140
ALPHONSE DAUDET	Catherine Carroll, '38.....	143
TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH.....	Margaret Rogers, '36.....	145
OUR LADY'S SECRET, <i>Verse</i>	Clare Stanton, '40.....	146
MORE ADVICE.....	Esther Farrington, '38.....	147
TO MY LOVE, <i>Verse</i>	Rosemary McLaughlin, '38....	150
"SO WE GROPE".....	Gertrude Coakley, '38.....	151
TIME: THE PRESENT.....	{ Esther Farrington, '38 Teresa McEnroe, '39.....	156
WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE.....		160
EDITORIALS		163
E. C. ECHOES		166

A POET'S PERSONALITY

MARGARET CASHIN '38

PERSONALITIES are always interesting, but for most of us the personality of a poet has a double fascination. We are inclined to look on poets as beings set apart and consequently to read the little things that come to light about them with the most devout interest. Edwin Arlington Robinson is described by Rollo Brown as "a tallish man with an alert white-pink face, thinning dark hair that was scarcely touched with white, a cropped moustache, small ears that seemed to hug his head, and brown eyes that were as steady as if they were gray."

Reading on, through his description of the character and personality of the man, we learn that Robinson was generally regarded as a poor conversationalist and that he himself was inclined to be of the same opinion. Nevertheless, despite his silence he dominated the landscape, the room, in fact any place in which he chanced to be. He was slow to concentrate, and in the process of getting ready to write revealed a profound restlessness, rocking in the doorway, pacing back and forth, or walking in and out, letting the door slam behind him. He gave one always an impression of his great mental aliveness. It was immediately noticeable in his searching eyes and even more obviously in his sensitivity. "Anything that could reach his eye or ear or nostril awakened him through and through."

Robinson was sensitive to sound and hypersensitive to crowds. Part of his dislike of them was based on the fact that they were noisy and the rest on his certainty that in a crowd the worst of each individual is uppermost. He was hurt and baffled by adverse criticism of his work and quietly overjoyed by appreciation, so long as it was intelligent.

No one knew what he liked any better than Robinson and no one was ever more firm once a choice was made. Among his

"likes" were pool, detective stories, Gilbert and Sullivan, and Bach, for whom he had a profound respect. He felt that in Bach there was something that "straightens a man up." He liked Hardy and found much in him. He was always at home with people who believed what they said.

Robinson possessed a wry kind of humor, quiet but deep, and never unkind. It was a mixture of pity and grimness—in his works the sort that draws a thoughtful smile, not a laugh. His humor was as serious as humor can be.

There was one quality in Robinson that seemed to express more of him than any other. It was his elevation of spirit. We find it a part of all his other characteristics, and revealed still more in the stout-heartedness so startling in a reticent man, in his unpretentious generosity, austere and yet kindly, in his inverted way of simplifying things by making them part of a more inclusive whole. He always wanted the story behind the appearance, the motive behind this man's or that woman's actions.

When he worked, Robinson wrote only in longhand and only he could possibly have read what he had written. The closer he came to his subject the smaller his writing became.

As a poet Robinson confessed to more interest in people who struggled and failed than in those who succeeded, because "there is more there to write about." This, I think, is obvious with any reading of his poetry and may be the reason why he is more likely to appeal to the mature mind than to the young. He is preeminently a reflective poet. He does not try to amuse his readers, nor to charm them with music, nor dazzle them with theatrical images—and so he has never entirely suited the popular taste. He observes life with a penetrating eye and it is these observations which he has left as a testimony of the power of his vision. Robinson uses language in a way so simple, clear and direct that his poems seem literally packed. Precision in his works is outstanding.

In the line of character studies Robinson is best in his portrayal of failures. His interest in them is comparable to Browning's and his method of drawing the picture often carried out in the same way. These poems of his are often not

lengthy—in fact, many of them are sonnets. Louis Untermeyer has said of Robinson that his sonnets assume the proportions of dramatic narratives, universal, and yet distinctly individual. In *Amaryllis*, for instance, he has given us in a few words a sharply clear picture of an old man's sorrow at the death of his wife. Again, in *Aaron Stark* we have an old man, but an old man whose entire character and personality are summed up in five adjectives—"cursed and unkempt, shrewd, shrivelled, and morose." Looking at the sonnets which have an appeal that is universal, simply because of the humanness of the type they portray, we have *A Man in Our Town*. He could be a man in anyone's town, a jack-of-all-trades, entirely unappreciated until he was gone.

Robinson's sonnets lack, for the most part, the touch of whimsical humor which may be found in his other poems. Yet it has crept into a few of them. In *The Growth of "Lorraine"* it is in the very last line of part one, in Lorraine's defiant outburst.

"I'm going to the devil."—And she went.

It is there too in *Shadrach O'Leary*, with O'Leary the poet who sang of lovely ladies and

Turned them loose and had them everywhere,
Undoing saints and senates with their guile.

But the sonnets which are tragic in tone far outnumber the others. They are filled with a sense of futility, with grief at the nearness of death. In *Calvary* he seems to feel that Christ's death on the Cross was useless, and that He still writhes there for the ever increasing sins of men. In *Reuben Bright* he pictures a man's grief at the death of his wife, but a grief so frenzied that it is almost insane. In *En Passant*, *The Dead Village*, *Charles Cowille's Eyes* and part two of *The Growth of "Lorraine"* he gives varying pictures of death—including murder and suicide.

Robinson is considered by some to be the greatest of our modern American poets. He himself never ceased to believe that as a poet he had something to say. But it seems likely now that because of his individuality, the very quality which is his distinguishing mark as a poet, his appeal will continue, at least for some time to come, to be not to the many, but to the few.

DEDICATION

AUDREY SWENDEMAN '39

THE intermittent buzz of many voices, a flash of many-colored lights against the monotone of a switchboard.

"Long distance. Washington calling Boston. The party is Mrs. Edward Hanley at Commonwealth 4531. Please notify me when you have the party, Boston."

A little peg at the end of a long wire plugged under a white light.

"Commonwealth 4531? Washington calling Mrs. Edward Hanley. Hold the line a moment, please."

The wire from the peg under the white light attached to a peg under a red light.

"All ready with your call, Washington. The party is waiting."

* * * *

"And so when I found it was a call from the office of the Secretary of War himself I listened in. I know I shouldn't have and don't you dare tell a soul, because if you do I'll get fired. Anyhow, he got on there and it wasn't the Secretary of War after all; it was only the Under-Secretary. He had one of those hollow, sepulchral voices. You know the kind I mean; you could almost hear him saying "Thou art dust and unto dust thou shalt return." Only he didn't say that at all. No, he told her that they were going to dedicate sort of a memorial to some war heroes next week and I guess her husband got killed or something, so he was one of the heroes. They thought it would be kind of nice if she were present and she was to be a guest of the government at the dedication and go to all those receptions and teas you read about in the paper. He told her

that an official communication would reach her in a few days. Oh, it was going to be a very special occasion. A very great general named Robbins was going to give an address and the Marine Band was going to play and everything. Well, he talked on and on but she didn't say anything for a while, just listened, until all of a sudden, when he'd just about run out of words, she spoke up. Her voice was quiet and dreadfully calm but she sounded as if she'd sort of like to get mad. 'I'm sorry,' she said, 'but I wouldn't care to attend. I respect my husband's memory very much, too much to take part in a farce like that. However, I'm sure that General Robbins will give a very—appropriate speech.' And she slammed that receiver down with a very unquiet bang. Don't you think that was awfully queer?"

Little Mary Hughes, the telephone operator who lived downstairs in my house, paused for a moment in her account of the conversation she had overheard and waited for me to agree with her. Of course she had no idea of what was in back of Teresa Hanley's refusal to accept an honor that she herself would have been only too glad to grasp. How could she? She had been barely able to toddle when the Armistice was signed. All she could remember of that dreadful time was my brother Tom coming home from training camp in his brand new uniform and letting her play with the shiny brass buttons down the front of it. This was something different from dolls and teddy-bears; this was a new toy, one that walked and talked. That was one point some of the generals in the Allied armies had in common with Mary. Tom and a million others like him were just animated toys for these few men to play soldiers with. I suppose that sounds bitter, but it's true.

"Don't you think it was queer?" Mary repeated again. I didn't answer her right away. I was trying to think of an answer. Queer? Yes, I suppose it was, but somehow I don't blame Teresa Hanley. I know that if I were in her position I should have done the same thing. You see, my brother Tom was in the Second Division with Eddie Hanley from the time he enlisted and I got the whole story from him, partly in his letters and partly after he came home. They kept strict censor-

ship on mail from France and since Tom is decidedly outspoken I'm afraid that what he had to say was certainly censorable.

This is how it all started. On the last day of October in 1918, when rumors of peace were just beginning to be spread through both armies, the Second Division was drawn up at attention, to listen to the speech of a certain high-ranking general whose duties apparently consisted of travelling around and giving the men pep-talks, making them feel better about getting killed. On this particular day he had a message of hope and he rose to the fullest heights of oratory to express it—the last phase of war, the last battle was at hand. Only one more objective must be gained in that section; a railroad on the other side of the Meuse River, ten miles away, must be captured. He had confidence in the Second Division and he was sure that they would not fail him. The Second Division applauded politely and pseudo-enthusiastically (it seemed to be expected of them) and the general left to visit another battalion, to deliver another speech, to incite more men to more valor. It would not be hard to urge them on because they were desperately anxious to go back home.

Eddie Hanley and my brother Tom were members of the same squad; they bunked together, ate together, fought together, were even wounded at the same time by flying bits of an exploding shell. So Tom got to know Eddie pretty well. He was enthusiastic, idealistic, filled with high notions of the patriotic service he was rendering the land of his birth. He had been married a week before he enlisted, so it was only natural that he should spend all his free time writing to his wife. Tom judged that she was rather lonely and worried about Ed because he always sent letters before and after every battle.

But to get back to the Second Division. I am not very well acquainted with the technical side of military manoeuvres and I can't explain things as well as Tom could, but day by day, through mud and rain and shells and bombs the Division plodded on toward their goal with the loss of only a few men. The night of November fourth they slipped safely through the German lines and by November ninth were encamped beside the

river. All through the army there was talk of an Armistice; nothing official, but the news came by army grapevine telegraph that had never yet proved unreliable. On Monday (and this was Saturday) the war was to end. Half the battalion discarded their equipment, positive that they would not attack again. Tom, from previous experience with the general, had a premonition that the Division would be ordered to cross the river, regardless of the waste of lives, just to satisfy the general's plans and sate the general's ego. To the technical experts it was a matter of arithmetic; so many square miles of land, so many men; so many victories, so many stars for the general. To the men it was a matter of time; so many more hours, so much nearer to peace, so much greater the chance of safety. Theirs was not the reckless courage of the story book hero who would sacrifice his life at the drop of a handkerchief. They would fight when necessary but they considered it just as necessary to save their own lives. An attack to take by force a railroad that would be handed over peaceably within a few hours would be just plain murder.

Eddie sat down and wrote a ten-page letter home, making plans for the honeymoon that the war interrupted. He was actually delirious with joy. He had been living under the shadow of death for weeks and months and now that shadow was suddenly removed. At half-past eight Sunday night, fourteen hours before the time set for the signing of the Armistice, the order came: Attack. The enemy, resenting what they considered an unnecessary display of force, an insult to an already defeated army, fought stubbornly back. Contesting every inch of the ground, they were forced to withdraw as the night passed and dawn came and the railroad was taken at eleven-thirty Monday morning. At noon the Major asked for four volunteers to accompany him back across the river to report to the general. As they went a German shell sizzled a narrow trough down the roadway in front of them. After it had exploded, the Major and his little squad lay dead.

Exactly half an hour later an officer rode along the line to read the Armistice proclamation. Tom said to me, "I stood

perfectly still for a minute and for the ten-thousandth time said the Lord's Prayer with the addition of 'Peace on earth, goodwill to men,' and felt that it really meant something." Bonfires blazed all along the road; discipline was forgotten. Germans who had been in America came over to pay friendly visits. But in the Second Division there was no merry-making, no celebration. In those men's hearts burned an ever-mounting flame of resentment against the speech-making general. They were still waging war on behalf of the major and his four volunteers. Perhaps you've guessed by now that Ed Hanley was one of the four.

Next day the general came riding triumphantly across, in half an hour, the distance that had cost ten days and fifty lives. Insolent and self-assured, he stood in front of the men and delivered his usual speech of praise. The objective had been gained in the last hour of the war, the last phase had been a distinct military success. He was sorry that the war was over—they were an army of fighting men and he preferred to fight. Getting things by treaty was too easy; there was no danger in it for them; no glory for him. When he had finished he waited for applause. He got none; instead the silence was so profound that it echoed in every heart. The general was disappointed, discomfited. He was not used to hostility.

Queer? Maybe it was. The general? . . . His name was Robbins!



PLAINT OF THE UNBORN

ROSEMARY McLAUGHLIN '38

My soul can never feel the touch of the divine,
My spirit never know the sweet of sorrows shared;
My heart can never leap in swift, mad ecstasy;
Oh, who dare take my right to live and hope from me?

My tongue can never utter words by love inspired,
My ears never hear the soft response which love can give,
My eyes can never see the work which Love has wrought,
Oh, infinite and tender Love! 'twas You I sought—
I have not lived—O God,
'Tis not my loss of life alone I sue
But You!

FROM THE SPANISH FRONT

MARGARET A. CAHILL '38

“My life really hasn’t been interesting,” deprecated Aileen O’Brien with a slow smile, to the two amateur interviewers who gaped with amazement at her statement.

Fired with enthusiasm, I had boldly marched up to Miss O’Brien in John Hancock Hall, where she was lecturing on Sunday, May first, and asked for an interview. As a result Mary Conley and I found ourselves ensconced in a spacious drawing room on Commonwealth Avenue, armed with questions, awaiting, with inward tremors, the girl, so near our own age, who yet seemed aeons older in experience.

Miss O’Brien appeared chic and slim in a gay print dress with alligator pumps. Her skin is clear and pale, and her hair, without the Carlist beret, a light chestnut. She spoke with an impressive air of gravity, emphasized by the expressive gestures of her slender, graceful hands.

She was most unwilling to discuss her own life and experiences. She had left San Francisco, her birthplace, at the age of five, and received her early education at Spanish schools in Chile. When she was fourteen she attended a French convent in Switzerland, where she also learned Italian and German. She studied at the International Catholic University in Geneva. In her Social Philosophy class, she told us, laughing, there were thirty nationalities—so the lectures were given in Latin.

In Geneva she became associated with the Pro Deo Society, organized by a Russian Orthodox surgeon to combat militant atheism. The Pro Deo Society puts on exhibitions in all European countries, showing original Communist literature and posters. They have charts tracing the organization of Communism

in Europe, and in particular in the country where the exhibit is held. By means of lectures and tours of the display, they seek to arm the people against the insidious forces working around them.

When the civil war broke out Miss O'Brien was in Ireland establishing branches of the Society. She was sent to Spain as the agent for the Irish Christian Front, whose twofold object is to provide General Franco's army with medical supplies and to fight Communism in Ireland. In Spain she visited the hospitals and front-line trenches and distributed the medical supplies. Here she mentioned quite casually that she was blinded for a week by a shell on the Madrid front. Also, turning her head, she showed us the darker streak where her hair was shaved off by a bullet; but these apparently were only minor incidents.

What awed her most, she declared, was not that so many were killed, but that so few were killed. "Why," she said, "you throw yourself down on the ground, and shells and bullets fly around for twenty minutes, and when it's over, perhaps three are killed. It seems as though everyone should be wiped out."

She added, with a wave of her hands, that it was quite possible to distinguish a Mexican bullet from a French one, for "one has a little ping-ping, and the other goes *phfft*."

Why, we asked, was American opinion set so emphatically against Franco? Propaganda, declared Miss O'Brien, propaganda from three sources: the Third Internationale, which is the power behind the Loyalist Government; the Jews, who resent Hitler's aid to Spain, and finally the English newspapers, through whose eyes Americans view the Spanish situation. She blamed Anthony Eden for the attitude of the English government towards Franco, his personal animosity against Mussolini and Hitler including any ally of theirs. So bitter was his hatred for the two Fascist dictators that, had he been in power during the Austrian crisis, Miss O'Brien firmly believed that Europe would be at war today.

She spoke enthusiastically of the reconstruction work going on all over Spain. Spain will be organized as a corporate state,

along the lines of Portugal. Strikes are no longer allowed, all disputes being settled by Labor Courts, composed of workers and employers. And there is no incentive for them to strike, she declared; they are kept too busy. They work five and one-half days a week, instead of one, as formerly; wages have been raised forty to sixty per cent; they have their homes, their religion, and free education for their children. Although Church and State are separate, and will remain so, the Catholic religion is taught in all State schools, and many of the teachers are nuns and brothers.

We took our leave of Miss O'Brien with reluctance, feeling that we had only scratched the surface of this amazing young woman's experiences, and that many thrilling tales were left untold. We could not but be impressed by the candor and the charm of such a cultured and brilliant personality.



ALPHONSE DAUDET

CATHERINE CARROLL '38

THERE is a phrase of criticism regarding Alphonse Daudet, which has always remained in my mind. It is this: "Daudet is a poet in prose. What distinguishes his writing is an appeal made not to the intellect, but to the senses." To my mind, this classifies Daudet. A poet, he paints atmosphere deftly; his every word is packed with meaning. Each detail, each word of description, be it of men or of their actions, makes a picture so complete, so alive, that one feels he is watching life itself.

But the poetry of Daudet's prose does not stifle realism. Imagination with him never obscures the clearness of his vision. Always he must picture life as it is, not because there is in his mind any thought of conflict between imagination and clarity, but because he is essentially and unflinchingly honest. His advice to young writers bears this out: "Write of what you have seen, of what you have felt, of what you have suffered, and see what a beautiful thing you will create." For him, if a work was to endure, it must have this above all things: it must have *life*.

In his *Les Vieux (Lettres de Mon Moulin)* this admixture of fancy and realism is most apparent. We remember that after he reads the letter of his friend Maurice, who asks him to visit his old grandparents, Daudet expresses his feelings most frankly: *Le diable soit de l'amitié! . . . Quand cette maudite lettre arriva, j'avais déjà choisi mon cagnard entre deux roches, et je rêvois de rester là tout le jour, comme un lizart, à boire de la lumière.* And, again, the following passage, in which the keenness of his observation, the power of his character portrayal, and his understanding of life, are strong. (It is the passage where Maurice's old grandfather goes to take a bowl of cherries from the top shelf of an old chest):

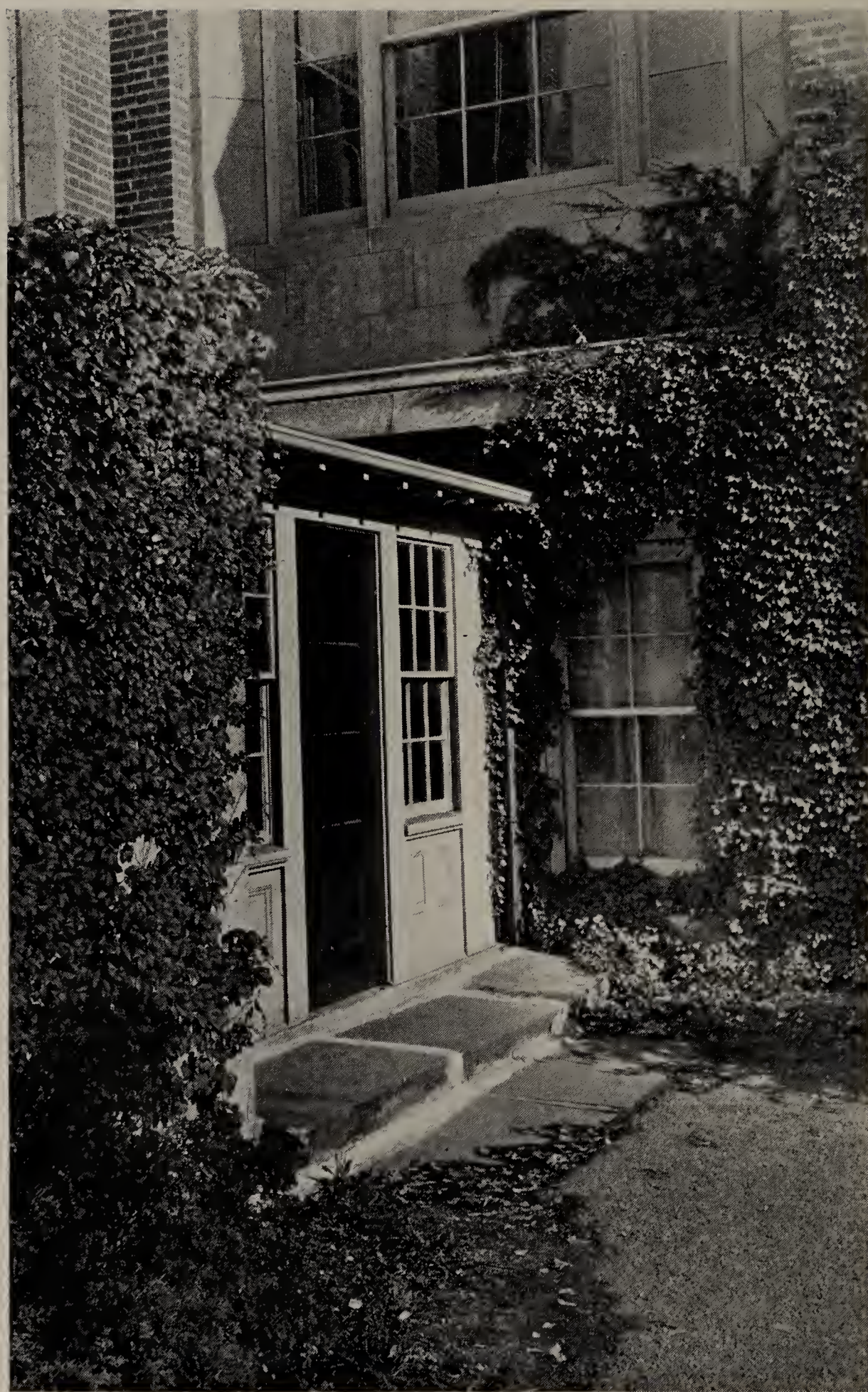
Malgré les supplications de Mamette, le vieux avait tenu à aller chercher ses cerises lui-même, et monté sur une chaise au grand effroi de sa femme, il essayait d'arriver là-haut. . . . Vous voyez le tableau d'ici, le vieux qui tremble et qui se hisse, les petites bleues champonnées à sa chaise, Mamette derrière lui haletante, les bras tendus, et sur tout cela un léger parfum de bergamote qui s'exhale de l'armoire ouverte et des grandes piles de linge roux. C'était charmant. This selection likewise explains why Daudet is classified with the Naturalists—and shows that, cultivating their virtues, he avoided their excesses. He, too, sees the faults of humanity, but these faults fill him with neither disgust nor scorn. He seems to smile at them a little, and then pass over them, dwelling rather on the good he may find.

Daudet's style is vigorous and forceful. With him, words are precious; he never wastes them. His every word adds a necessary element to the whole and each does its part to produce the final effect. This conciseness, and the subtle and quite delightful power of suggestion which Daudet possesses are evident in this quotation taken from *M. le Sous-Préfet aux Champs*, one of his two ballads in prose. (In struggling on a broiling day with the composition of a speech he has to deliver at the end of his drive, M. le Sous-Préfet gets out of his carriage to enter a little grove, there seeking tranquillity): *Tout le petit bois conspire pour l'empêcher de composer son discours. . . . M. le Sous-préfet, grisé de parfums, ivre de musique, essaye vainement de résister au nouveau charme qui l'envahit. Il s'accoude sur l'herbe, dégrafe son bel habit, balbutie encore deux ou trois fois:*

"Messieurs et chers administrés. . . ."
Puis il envoie les administrés au diable; et la Muse des comices agricoles n'a plus qu'à se voiler le face.

Thus, through true feeling for poetic diction joined to a keen appreciation for the real, through his sympathy for man and above all for man poor and humble, Daudet is saved from the pitfalls of the Naturalist errors, and by the flashing, colorful, winged grace of his phrases takes his place among the great masters of poetic prose.





ICI-BAS by Sully Prudhomme

Translated by MARGARET ROGERS '36

I hold it pain
So quickly fades the lilac tree,
So brief the birdland symphony;
I dream on summers that remain
Eternally.

For here below
When soft lips touch caressingly
They linger but in memory;
I dream of tenderness to glow
Eternally.

Throughout the years
We mortals all sigh plaintively
For friend's or lover's loyalty;
I dream of couples free from tears
Eternally.

OUR LADY'S SECRET

CLARE VIRGINIA STANTON '40

There is a Dove within her breast,
Brooding and beautiful in His nest,
Secret, and inward, and apart—
Cooing and close beneath her heart.

Frightened and innocent, her eyes—
Splendid and secret and Dove-wise,
Something within her stirs and sings
Only a little girl hears its wings!

MORE ADVICE

ESTHER M. FARRINGTON '38

CONTINUING our series of "How To—" we bring you this time a discourse which we hope will prove of interest to all, but which is particularly suitable for Seniors. It deals with a subject in which every Senior will be vitally interested, viz.: How to Get a JOB.

The all-important part of this process consists in the approach. The following types have been settled on, through judicious use of statistics, as the most powerful:

A. THE APPROACH DIFFIDENT

The applicant using this approach sneaks quietly into the office of the prospective employer. She sidles over to his secretary or receptionist and quietly confides that she would like to see Mr. Gooch. The receptionist looks the young lady over with more or less suspicion and disdain and says coldly: "Mr. Goochisout." The applicant, much to her embarrassment, is then forced to admit that she has an appointment. Immediately the atmosphere clears slightly. "Miss Wanda Worke" is announced to the great man, and is herded in. Miss W. finds herself before Mr. Gooch, who stares moodily at her and, in a resigned tone of voice, asks what she wants. When she finally admits that she *would* like a job—if it wouldn't be too much trouble—he asks if she is a College Graduate and if so, of what college. Miss W. then bolsters up her courage and announces, "Emmanuel, 1938." Mr. Gooch immediately becomes all smiles, rushes from his seat, shakes her hand, and booms: "Why didn't you say so before? Of course you can have a job. Why, we keep a desk here just for Emmanuel graduates. Usually they don't stay long, for they always marry my wealthiest and most important clients. Please, Miss Worke, please take this po-

sition." Miss Wanda Worke, being the type most suited to the diffident approach, now has a job.

B. THE APPROACH POLITICAL

The first requisite for this approach is the political affiliation known as a "drag," a "pull," or an "in." In viewing it we shall consider the case of Miss Ican Vote. Miss Vote has the necessary qualifications for a job of this type. She is twenty-one years old, a registered voter, and has a host of important relatives and friends. Moreover, her second cousin three times removed is the Mayor. In fact, she is almost over-endowed. So she strolls casually into the office of Mr. Manto Seefirst. Mr. Seefirst's secretary and horde of assistants pass her quickly on to the office of Mr. Seefirst. Mr. S., through some unforeseen calamity, does not recognize Miss Vote, and as she does not look old enough to vote, greets her surlily. However, upon learning her rich political background he becomes almost apoplectic in his apologies. Thus encouraged, Miss Vote mentions in one breath her desire for a position and the fact that she is a College Graduate. The first meets with immediate approval, but the second—! Mr. Seefirst purses his lips and shakes his head. "College graduate, eh? Well, that's not so *good*—" Then a brighter thought strikes him. "Oh, well, with your—er—other qualifications, I think we might overlook that one thing. You can have the job. You will be Vice-President-in-charge-of-opening-mail." Miss Ican Vote has found her sphere in life.

C. THE APPROACH CONFIDENT

This is the type of approach most commonly used by the average College Graduate. For our exposition of this type, let us consider the case of Miss Do I. Slayem. One bright, sunny morning, shortly after her graduation from college, Miss Slayem arises, looks out on the world, and decides it is about time she should decide which position to accept. Accordingly, she puts on her snappiest ensemble, tilts her new hat to the correct angle, and sallies forth. She decides to give Mr. G. Ima Busyman

the first chance at her services—his son is *so* good-looking—and so in she goes to Mr. Busyman's office. "Mr. Busyman," she announces with the air of one conferring a favor, "I have come to take a job." Mr. Busyman looks up. What Mr. Busyman thinks is, unfortunately, censored. However, Mr. Busyman, being an artist in the field of verbal self-control, merely says, "I'm sorry, but we have no place for you at present; however, if you'll leave your name and address with my secretary—" But Miss S. stays no longer. She has decided to teach Mr. Busyman a lesson. She will *not* be in when his secretary calls. No, instead she will go to Graduate School. The time will come when Mr. Busyman will be imploring her to let him give her a job.

D. THE APPROACH PARENTAL

This, of all types of approach, is the one most sure of results. It is the simplest, yet the quickest. Let us watch the progress of one Miss Boofor A. Budget as she trips gaily into a large office building. She is happy, is our dear Miss B., for she is sure of success. Up she goes in the elevator, in she sails to an office. Right past the guardian of the gate she goes and through a door marked PRIVATE, into a second room where a harassed man—one Mr. Phindmea Budget—sits behind a desk. He looks up with a sickly smile as Miss B. trips over to him and blithely carols: "Good morning, Papa. Here I am. Where's my desk?" This is one of our finest examples. Success! Yea, verily, one of the most successful of all our young friends. And before we leave let us gaze once more on this example of perfection. What? Oh! Sorry, dear readers. Miss Budget has stepped out for a few hours, for lunch and a bit of shopping. But she will return before closing time.

And so we have seen the four best methods of getting a job. Select your own type, Seniors. And remember, there is not the slightest possibility of failure.

TO MY LOVE

ROSEMARY McLAUGHLIN '38

I've waited, oh, so long for you,
Beloved, it's seemed eternity to me.
I stand beside the placid pool
To gain some quietness of heart. I see
Your loved face alight with joy
And it is all in vain to still my heart.
Yet with sweet certainty I know
Your love, for in my breast your heart's aglow.

"SO WE GROPE"

GERTRUDE COAKLEY '38

THE road crawled out behind him like a great, fat inch-worm, and poked its head into the blurred lights of Ogunquit Village. It was quiet, so quiet that he imagined he heard the pebbles, dislodged by his feet, settling into the shoulder of the road. A truck rolled down the hill towards him, drummed past with a flare of blinding lights and left him for a moment in an inky, a deeper quiet. One more curve and there it was—"Danny's Place," looking like a brilliantly colored matchbox thrown carelessly to the side of the road. It seemed about as substantial as one, striving to keep the blackness from closing in on it. If he held out his hand from where he stood, the tip of his finger blotted it completely from sight. He drew near, liking the feeling it gave to him when he walked up to it. The lights seemed to rush forward into the dark, and suddenly there was only "Danny's Place," substantial, important, towering over the surrounding darkness. A few cars and trucks were parked against its sides and a swarm of insects from the fields whirred and snapped against the neon sign above the door.

The place was half-filled; only a few stools along the battered counter and two small tables were empty. He pulled himself up to the counter, answered with a nod and a "Western and coffee" to the counterman's "Hi, there, Paul." Absent-mindedly, Paul shoved a plate of doughnuts a little to his right, to rest his elbows on the edge of the counter. He turned his head quickly as the plate was roughly pushed back. A young fellow sat beside him, his expression anything but pleasant as he glared at him. Paul looked at him.

"I'm sorry. I didn't realize that you were quite so near."

He spoke quietly and turned away. Disagreeable young cub. The pain behind his eyes was worse tonight. He had

tried to rest that afternoon, but that steady throbbing at his temples had made him feel as if the four walls were beating steadily down upon him. Old Bill was back again tonight, perspiringly cheerful, feverishly busy, working to make up for last night's "binge." He watched his neighbor for a moment. His hamburger might have been sawdust, and his black coffee, ink, for all the enjoyment he seemed to be getting from them. He was staring straight ahead, his knuckles white over the handle of the thick white mug. The crowd from the beach strayed in, filling the remaining seats. One of them put a coin in the nickelodeon.

His western slid up in front of him, followed by the mug of coffee slopping over the sides. His young friend extracted a cigarette from a crushed package, lit it nervously, and after a few puffs put it out on his plate. He was young, about twenty-two, and in spite of the stained hands, the broken nails, the blue overalls just clinging to the slim hips, there was something,—well—refined about him. He lighted another cigarette and the short, nervous puffs wreathed him in a cloud of smoke. Paul's eyes smarted from it, they felt as though they were being dragged from the sockets, but things were only a little blurred tonight. He could read the large print on the menu hanging in front of him. His neighbor tore open the cigarette package, found it empty, crushed it and pushed the mug away from him. Paul offered him one and he took it without a word, lighted it, puffed for a minute, and Paul heard a grudging, "Thanks."

"Where you from?" The youngster seemed to be in trouble. Paul said it diffidently.

"Who—" The youngster stopped, took another puff, looked at Paul. One of his eyes was bloodshot, he needed a shave. "Worcester."

"I'm from Boston," Paul offered. His neighbor made no comment. He tried again.

"Truck?" Paul nodded backwards, towards a truck in front.

"Yeah—a truck—a truck." He repeated it savagely, striking the edge of the counter. "A truck—for five months now,

nothing but that truck—sleep—more truck—and an occasional drunk.” He said the last defiantly. He really was young, young and discouraged. A nice combination.

“A truck, after four years in college—two more for my M.A. And now I’m driving a truck. Successful, huh? Making my mark in the world.”

Paul said nothing. He must be younger than he looked then. Twenty-five, perhaps.

“I can’t stand it, I tell you. I won’t stand it.”

He swung away from the stool. Paul caught his arm.

“What’s the matter with you? *You* can’t *stand* it. About twenty-five, aren’t you? You’ve got your health, haven’t you? You sound like an hysterical fifteen-year-old girl.”

“What would you have me do? Sit back and take it?”

“You can take it—without sitting back.”

“I suppose you can?” That came with a sneer.

“Yes—I can—and did. And not like a snarling, whimpering cur.”

“You didn’t get very far—what are you doing in a place like this?”

“I like it here. I—I’ve come here every night this summer.”

“Slumming, I suppose?” He took another of Paul’s cigarettes, without asking.

“No, my business is here. I own the *Sparhawk*—out on the waterfront.” The boy stared at him, said nothing. “What’s your name?”

“Bob Randall.”

“Well, Bob,—I went to Harvard for four years, and for the next four years I worked in a place like this.”

Bob waited.

“Yes—and in the fifth year I opened a place of my own.”

“Got a break, huh?”

"No-o, not exactly. I had the place for a year and was injured in an automobile accident. I lost the place—my wife and child were killed—and I was blind for two years."

"Blind?" Bob whispered it hoarsely. His hand shook as he drew on the cigarette.

"Yes—blind. I lived on charity for two years, and I didn't whimper. In eight years I got back on my feet, and now I own the *Sparhawk*."

"Backing." There was just a trace of a sneer now.

"No, I had no one. It's possible to take the world by the horns and swing it a little, you know. You're just hanging on to its tail, letting it drag you over the bumps. It's laughing at you because you haven't the guts to get up in front. It's fun—being up in front—and staying there. Much more comfortable."

Bob said nothing, ran his hand through his hair, and then stammered,

"I want to write. Publishing, you know." He looked at his hands, then looked straight at Paul. "I know someone who might give me—I didn't feel like trying any more," he explained.

Paul looked straight ahead. "It's a grand feeling, standing on your own feet—knowing you've done your best—knowing that you've gone somewhere—when it wasn't easy."

"I might try him out. Do you think it would do any good?" Bob's eyes were directed towards the coffee urn, but they didn't see it. His fingers worked. Paul smiled at him.

"Fingers itching to get at him—and at the work?" Bob smiled back. It changed him, put a light behind his eyes.

"Yeah—yeah—I could show him that last thing I did. Pretty good, I think." His shoulders straightened a little. "Oh—the truck. Well—I had better be on my way." He was awkward about it, anxious to get away. He held out his hand.

"Thanks—goodbye—and—thanks."

The screen slammed behind him and the insects flew hard against the window in consternation. The truck started with a

jerk, rumbled onto the road. Paul went outside and watched the tail-light winking and fading down the road. He walked down a little way, until it was gone completely. The stars were blurred tonight, but they seemed to be winking at him. He winked back, grinned half-heartedly.

"Funny— isn't it?" He murmured to the stars, to the low bushes stirring in the wind and rubbing against his legs with the downward, ingratiating movement of the lunch-cart cat. He could hear the surf. It seemed to keep in rhythm with the pounding in his temples.

Back in the lunch-cart, he went behind the counter and into the kitchen.

"Checking in, Joe."

Joe looked up from the stove, the sweat pouring into his eyes. He wiped them with the back of his hand.

"That's very lovely."

Paul grinned. Everything was "very lovely" to the Greek. He put on a dirty apron, shoved a white cap over his head.

"I do come here every night, don't I, Joe? Joe—who owns the *Sparhawk*—do you think he'd mind if he discovered I did?"

Joe looked at him curiously, shook his head and went out. Bill roared three orders through the slide, and Paul slapped on two hamburgers and a western. The sweat stood out on his forehead, his skin reddened with the heat. *Harvard!* He wondered what it was like inside. Somehow the heat made his eyes worse. One more year—the doctor had said. Then—complete darkness. He'd known that it was coming for years. And he hadn't a cent. Working in a kitchen paid barely enough to live on. Fifteen years of it—and then what? He shrugged, took an order for two ham and eggs. Bob—what was his name—Randall? Nice kid. Might get somewhere.

TIME: THE PRESENT

THE room was anything but clean. Not that it was dirty; it was just cluttered. Newspapers, anywhere from one to ten days old, clothes thrown around, littered ash-trays scattered here and there. Bill looked around in disgust. What was getting into Anne lately? True, he had lost his job, but they had plenty to get along on, at least for awhile. She used to be so lively and full of fun before he married her. Now—well, she was just impossible. Every day when she came home from work, she'd keep harping on the fact that she was tired. Only an excuse not to get supper. And another thing, he wished she'd stop asking him if he had looked for a job that day. Gosh, he'd tried, but it was just no use at all! Three places had turned him down in a week. Said they wanted men with experience. They had a nerve! Hadn't he worked for a brokerage office for three years after he left college. He could have had a job coaching football—and why not? Hadn't he been an "All-American" for three consecutive years? But not for him—the coaching job, he meant—not when he could pull down twice the salary lending his name to the firm of brokers! He'd made lots of sales, too. That is, until the depression had come along. He and Anne had been married five years now. And that brought him right back to his grievance. Here she was now. He might as well face her. He supposed he was in for it, as usual. Well, he wasn't going to keep still much longer. He'd tell her every bit of this.

* * * *

Anne put her key in the lock. She was tired! She supposed that Bill would be home—he never stirred from the house now. Too bad; he had showed such promise when he graduated from college. She'd wanted him to take the job coaching that small college team out west. They would have given him a good contract. In fact, they still wanted him. She had known

the inadvisability of taking a brokerage office position in the first place. Those things were never steady, at their best, and they had dropped Bill, the newest of their staff, when they had to cut down.

Of course, the apartment would be in a mess—it wouldn't occur to Bill to pick up the papers or clean up a bit. That would be beneath the dignity of a former All-American! Bill had changed so; he was no more the man she had married than any total stranger might have been. He had been so ambitious. Now he had absolutely no pep. He didn't even try to get a job! Turned down once or twice, his pride had been hurt, and he had refused to try again. Well, let him sit around the house all he wanted to. She intended to have a show-down tonight. If he didn't start to mend his ways she was going to leave him, and she intended to tell him so. She hoped it would do some good. But she was afraid, somehow, it wouldn't. Where would they end? She was not going to lose her self-respect. After all, that was about all she had left!

She put the key in the lock and entered the apartment, closing the door behind her.

ESTHER M. FARRINGTON '38

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Alice slumped in her chair and tried desperately to make herself look inconspicuous. She hadn't wanted to come to the dance in the first place. She had known it would be like this. No one wanted to dance with "that skinny little Smith kid." She smoothed the folds of her pink taffeta dress and watched Betty Lou dance by. Betty Lou was short and pretty. Her naturally curly brown hair shone in the light, her brown eyes sparkled with gayety. She didn't have mouse-colored hair; she didn't have eyes that were sometimes green, sometimes blue; she wasn't awkward and gawky-looking. They called it the "awkward stage." They said "She's just at that age, you know. But she'll outgrow it." Well, it was awkward, all right, but she didn't see why they insisted on her coming to the dance. They didn't have to sit on the

side lines and watch everyone else having a swell time, all the while feeling perfectly miserable. Why couldn't she stay home and read that new book Jimmie had brought home? She could curl up in a chair and forget all about that horrid "awkward stage." Alice swallowed hard. But she wouldn't cry about it. She wasn't a sissy. She could scale a fence almost as quickly as Bobby Power. She felt better when she thought about Bobby. He had danced twice with her. He was dancing now with Betty Lou; had been almost all evening, in fact. She didn't mind, though. After all, Betty Lou was cute and pretty. Anyway, Bobby wouldn't take Betty Lou fishing with him, but he took her. He had taught her how to fish and he was always telling the other fellows that she could fish better than they could. "Look who taught her." She had always played more with boys than with girls. Her mother didn't like it at all. She said she must be a little lady and not a tomboy. It was more fun being a tomboy, though. She looked up as someone spoke her name. It was Jack and he wanted the next dance. She sighed to herself as she rose. Jack was rather husky—seemed to think dancing a form of football scrimmage. A crowded place was no obstacle to Jack. It was a delight. Maybe he wasn't so keen on dances either. That was a new idea. Maybe he'd rather be playing football right now.

* * * *

Alice couldn't sleep; she was too excited. It was certainly fun to be nineteen and home from college for the vacation. She had had a grand time at the dance tonight—no, it was last night, now, wasn't it? She smiled as she remembered the expression on Bob's face as she came down the stairs in her new evening gown. He had whistled softly and started singing *Alice Blue Gown*. Then they had both laughed. But during the last dance he told her he liked the dress. "It makes your eyes look so blue." She had to admit that a great deal depended on circumstances and age. The day she rode his new bicycle into the pond she had had on a blue sweater, but he didn't notice her eyes that day. In fact, he was too concerned over the condition of his bike to even wonder if she was hurt. He wouldn't let her near it for more than two months. Told

her "if you can't ride any better than that, you can't ride my bike."

Funny process—growing up. Take Jack, for example. Had he changed! Of course he was still a football player—a good one, too. Had the right build for it. But now he seemed to enjoy dancing almost as much as football. He was the smoothest dancer in the crowd. The thought of Jack and dancing naturally brought the thought of Betty Lou. They had been seeing quite a bit of each other this year. Betty Lou hadn't changed much. Still the same effervescent, lively person she had always been.

Alice simply couldn't keep her eyes open another minute, but there was something she must remember about tomorrow. She must get up early to play tennis with Bob. Good idea to keep that backhand in trim. If it hadn't been for her strong backhand and swift serve—acquired through long hours of playing with Bob and Jack—she would never have won the college tournament. She hoped her mother . . . wouldn't forget . . . to . . . call . . .

TERESA McENROE '39





WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

WE have a rather special liking—you might call it sentimental—for seeing people and things return to the same place at the same time year after year. We suppose that's why those tearful stories of the dear little white-haired old lady's yearly return to the shop where she bought her pet parrot (or something) always gets us. But what we're really driving at is the satisfied feeling we have when the Boston papers announce that "the Symphony Concerts having been concluded, Mr. Arthur Fiedler will inaugurate another series of Pop Concerts, beginning on Wednesday evening of this week."

The Pops are as much of a Boston tradition now as the swan boats are, and we think *they're* about right. We are anticipating right now a good many spring evenings to be spent at Symphony Hall (in the rush seats) and we are remembering others spent there in the past. We think particularly of the night we went, all keyed up for a delightful time—and found the house sold out to the Campfire Girls. (We have nourished ever since an intense dislike for that organization.) We were forced (with

many mutterings) to spend the rest of the evening walking about the Public Gardens, where we played Guggenheimer until it was too dark to see. Oh, Culture!

* * * * *

With the season of heat and humidity at hand, we recall one terrifically hot day last summer when we were riding Battery-wards on the "Thoid Avenoo El" (that, friends, is the place for atmosphere). We were eagerly taking in our surroundings when a party of four entered the car. Mother and little girl seated themselves on one side of the aisle. Pop and son took the opposite bench. With admonitions to behave, Pop disappeared behind a racing sheet, while little Abie, left to his own devices and ignored by the distaff side of the family, proceeded to do acrobatics on the seat. All went well until the train rounded a curve. The young performer was balancing beautifully on his head at that moment, and his short legs descended violently on the chapeau of a belligerent-looking woman in the seat behind. She rose with alacrity, seized one of the offending limbs and expressed herself in a loud and fluent flow of language. The window was open and we fully expected to see little Abie hurtle through it. The catastrophe was averted by the intervention of Pop, who rescued his offspring from his uncomfortable position, and silenced the outraged female with an equally torrid outburst. The Amazon, readjusting her damaged headgear, retreated from the scene of battle and the bone of contention, smartly slapped, snivelled quietly under reproachful glances from across the aisle. Pop returned to his perusal of the turf news, and quiet once more descended.

* * * * *

Now that the season is approaching, we feel the urge to say a few words on a subject that is very near to our heart. That is, our summer skin. We don't know what the Greeks called it, but the Spanish, always so picturesquely exact, have

a most expressive word for sunburn—*tostado*. And although it includes all varieties of pigmentation from the light biscuit brown to the swarthy life-guard shade, it signifies most vividly the unbecoming stages of crimson and flamingo through which we pass annually in our quest for that intriguing shade of copper displayed so alluringly on magazine covers and ads for suntan oil. Now we could endure looking like an overboiled lobster; we could stand the acute misery of a scorched epidermis, if in the end we attained that desirable nut-brown glow. But alas, we peel at least half a dozen times in the course of a summer, so that by August our scorched and mottled complexion can only be described as liverish. This year, aided by large hats and enveloping beach coats, we shall retain an interesting pallor, or (applying it carefully by brush according to directions) we shall invest in a pharmaceutical tan.

* * * * *

With a sudden start we have waked up to the appalling fact that this is the last thing we shall ever write for the *Bridge* and we are sitting with our chin in our hand staring gloomily out over Muddy River. Then we tear our eyes back to the room we have been forced to share (unwillingly, let it be understood) with the *Epilogue* Staff, and heave a deeper sigh. Ah, the happy evenings (at about 8:00 P. M.) when we typed feverishly (though not so feverishly as we might have had we been able to type faster) so that all the copy might go to the printer in the morning! And the proofs we read, and the dummies we pasted! And the editorial frenzies we worked ourselves into! Oh, happy days that now are gone forever. And so it is with a tear that we consign the *ETHOS* and the *Bridge* to our successor. May her days be filled with peace and prosperity and . . . may the margin release on *that* typewriter work better for her than it ever did for us!

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EDITORIALS

It is just about this time of year that relatives, friends, and casual acquaintances of college Seniors are dusting off the poetry in their souls and waxing sentimental about "sweet girl graduates" and the "happiest days in their lives" and wondering "what they will do when they're out on their own." They feel that it's simply wonderful that we're graduating from college, and that we look just lovely in our caps and gowns; but when they leave off sentimentalizing and come down to earth, perhaps a good many of them are wondering just what good it's all been and when the material advantages (if any) are going to put in an appearance. They are thinking that our parents have spent good round sums of money to see us, eventually, look pretty on Class Day, and they are asking if that's all there is to it. They can see that we have put on a few social graces; that we are able to rise to an occasion and even make a fairly

good impression on an audience. But—they want to know if we've received anything else in return for our parents' hard-earned dollars.

The answer is—we have. There is a possibility, to be sure, that what we claim we have may not immediately appear. A good many of us, even (and awful to anticipate) may not have jobs by next September. (With this at least half of these inquirers will decide that the money *has* been wasted and that a college education is nothing but a nice way for a girl to spend a few years before she gets married.) But we still maintain—and we intend to prove—that our education has been worth while. We intend to prove it in the way we live our lives; prove that the knowledge we have gained and the friends we have acquired and the adjustments we have made are worth infinitely more than the price we paid for them.

For four years now we have been in the closest association with religious teachers, men and women, who have imparted to us, sometimes consciously, sometimes not, their own ideals of Catholic living. They have taught us to stand by our principles and they have imbedded those principles deep within us. And far more is this than all the book knowledge they have or ever could have given us, for it will never fail. It is ours for all time.

There is a sadness about Commencement which cannot be entirely glossed over, even by the happiness which it holds. We know that we are leaving friends; that, though we shall see them again, it will never be quite the same. We know that we are leaving a place we love—a place that has always meant security. But we are going forward always, and it is good to be independent. We have the equipment which we started out to get and we hope that we shall use it well. If we do not, the fault lies, not with our College, but with ourselves.

HARRIET L. CARRITTE '38

Resolutions are not exactly in order on the first of June, as January the first is as far away as it can possibly be. But the results of the recent election of officers for classes and societies has had somewhat the effect of the approach of a new year. The new scholastic year is not far off; and the realization that all the extra-curricular activities of the College will be in charge of our class fills the mind with certain misgivings and apprehensions. It seems to warrant a thorough session of self-examination. This we have undergone seriously, with the result that we have made a strong resolution, for our part, to keep the *ETHOS* at the same high standard which it has attained under the staff of 1938. Harriet Carritte and her assistants have brought out an excellent publication, which we know was the fruit of time and thought and labor. We are under no illusions as to the difficulty of such a work; but we have hope for the future. We believe in the value of these college magazines, immature though they may appear to older readers. They offer a kind of training school in self-expression; they reflect our literary likings and aspirations. We have faith in the talent and generosity of our own class to shoulder the responsibility of producing a worthy successor to the excellent volumes of the past. With full appreciation of the good work done this year, we set ourselves to the task of keeping up the standard, even of raising it higher if possible, in order that the *ETHOS* may be a credit to Emmanuel. We count on the cooperation of the entire student body to help us achieve our goal.

FLAVIA CALIRI, '39

E. C. ECHOES

Fashion Show

The members of the Musical Society and the Athletic Association combined, on April fourth, in sponsoring a display of fashions by C. Crawford Hollidge. The attendance by members of the student body was large.

Literary Society

On Wednesday, April sixth, the Literary Society offered a most enjoyable lecture at the College. The Reverend Terence Connolly, S.J., spoke on Alice Meynell, and from the fund of knowledge which he possesses on the subject gave a lecture which could hardly be surpassed.

Lecture

On April sixth, at Assembly, the students were privileged to hear a lecture by Miss Aileen O'Brien, on the Spanish situation. Miss O'Brien has been at the Front with General Franco's forces since the beginning of the war, and is well fitted to give a true picture of conditions in Spain. She is to spend a few months in this country in an effort to secure help for destitute Spain.

French Club

The final meeting of *Le Cercle Louis Veuillot* was held on April eleventh. Entertainment was provided by members of the society and by Mlles. Françoise and Rachel Aubet, students at the New England Conservatory of Music and pupils of Mlle. Nadia Boulanger.

Junior Week

The week of April twenty-fifth was Junior Week at the College. On Monday, April twenty-fifth, a theatre party was held at the Shubert Theatre. On Wednesday, the twenty-seventh, the class attended Mass and Holy Communion in a body. At Assembly a reception was held for them, followed by a luncheon given by the Freshman class. That afternoon the class play was presented and the class dinner was held that evening. On Friday, April twenty-ninth, the Class Dance was held at the Myles Standish. The Chairman for the Junior Week activities was Catherine Dolan.

Arbor Day

The annual impressive ceremonies for Arbor Day were held this year on April twenty-ninth. The entire student body was present on the campus as the officers of the Senior Class planted the class tree. Dorothy Fell '38 delivered the Tree Day Oration.

Lecture

On May fourth, at three-forty, Jane Anderson, the American-born newspaper correspondent who has been at the Spanish Front since the beginning of the Civil War, gave an interesting lecture at Emmanuel. As one who has experienced all sorts of hardships in Spain, Miss Anderson is recognized as an authority on the subject.

Class Elections

The following are the results of the class and society elections for 1938-1939:

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<i>Vice-President</i> , Catherine Dolan	<i>Treasurer</i> , Eileen Keane

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President, Ruth Elcock
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Treasurer, Rose McBrien

Sophomore Class Officers

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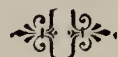
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

LITERARY BARTER	Flavia Caliri '39	179
ESCAPE	Helen Collins '40	183
OUR LADY: TO AN INARTICULATE POET, <i>Verse</i>	Clare Stanton '40	189
THE SUMMER THEATRE	Mary Donovan '39	190
THE TEMPLE, <i>Verse</i>	Margaret Conley '40	194
REUNION	Katherine Merrick '40	195
SEA-FANTASY	Helen Cullen '42	199
NOX	Leconte de Lisle	202
NIGHT: A Translation, <i>Verse</i>	Flavia Caliri '39	203
THE INTERVIEWER REPORTS	Jane Prout '39	204
WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE		207
EDITORIAL		211
BOOK REVIEWS	Deirdre Dalton '39	213
E. C. ECHOES		219
ALUMNAE NEWS		222
IN THIS ISSUE		224

LITERARY BARTER

FLAVIA CALIRI '39

ONE thing that has always been a source of wonder in studying European life and culture is the very marked influence of the French upon Russian society, that is, Russian society up until 1919. History tells us that Peter the Great, arriving at the conclusion that his people were barbarous and in need of refinement, turned to France and the then rather artificial society of Paris, and with a perseverance that was his most remarkable characteristic, succeeded finally in erecting a sort of wild Versailles, with all the appearances of the real thing. But why Peter should have traversed the entire continent in search of veneer, when there was certainly closer at hand some sort of oriental culture, which, considering the ferocity of his nature, would have been more to his liking, is puzzling. The most obvious answer is that France at the time was looked upon as the epitome of all that was cultured and polished, and the vanity and ambition of the Russian monarch could consider nothing but the best.

Be that as it may, the French influence grew steadily in Russia until, by the nineteenth century, French was the language spoken in polite circles, and Russian was employed only by the lowest classes. Since the life of a people is reflected in their literature, it was inevitable that the novel in Russia should fall most positively under the French influence.

But strangely enough, by the end of the nineteenth century we find the influence working both ways. French writers were looking to Russia for models, and were certainly finding them in Turgeniev, Tolstoy, and Dostoevski. Of these, the works of the last perhaps bear closest resemblance to the contemporaneous French novel. Whether Dostoevski set the pace for men like de Maupassant and Flaubert, or whether they set the pace for him, is difficult to decide.

It must be remembered that the French novel, and consequently the Russian, of the nineteenth century particularly, differs sharply from the English. The French novel may be romantic, but it must be psychological, as Mme. de la Fayette's *La Princesse de Clèves*. It may be realistic, but also psychological, as Balzac's *Eugénie Grandet*; it may be naturalistic, but always psychological, as Flaubert's *Madame Bovary*. But in Dostoevski we find the romantic, the realistic, the naturalistic and the psychological all combined. Especially in *Crime and Punishment*, he seems to have assimilated all the French theories of story writing. The result is something entirely his own and absolutely different from anything that has gone before.

In French literature, Flaubert in his *Madame Bovary*, comes nearest to the peculiar art of Dostoevski. Since he had been brought up in the tradition of romanticism, and since his tastes and predilections were romantic, it seemed inevitable that Flaubert should follow the trend of his day. However, it is he who strikes the new note of naturalism in the French novel, but it is a naturalism that is blended with romanticism. Strange to say, *Madame Bovary* is a protest against an excessive study in romanticism and the dangers that follow from it. Emma Bovary is the victim of an extreme type of literature. In her youth she has imbibed freely, and in too great quantities, gushing tales of passion and romance, and as a result her outlook has become warped and distorted. She enters the married state thinking to find therein the idyllic life she has read of in books. Reality proves too shattering to her sensitive soul, and from disappointment she descends to disillusionment and thence to despair.

Carefully, almost painfully, Flaubert draws his character. It is not so much what Emma does, but what Emma thinks and feels, that interests him primarily. As in all French novels, so in *Madame Bovary*, the psychological predominates.

In *Crime and Punishment*, we have a young student, Raskolnikov, conceiving a monstrous system of philosophy that is the natural outcome of atheism, or rather, agnosticism. The young man reasons himself into believing that he would be justified in removing anyone or anything from his path that might

be an obstacle in the way of success. It had been absolutely necessary, he argues, for Napoleon to put hundreds to the sword before rising to glory. Had he failed to remove these hundreds, perhaps he would have remained an obscure Corsican soldier. Of course, Raskolnikov admits that only certain individuals who are destined for fame and glory are justified in following such a line of procedure. But why could he not be one of these sons of fortune?

He manages to convince himself that he is one of this hallowed number and proceeds to murder a scoundrelly old woman pawn-broker, with her money as his object. With the latter he intends to get his start in life. But instead of cold-bloodedly perpetrating the crime and making off with the money, he is obliged to murder the woman's sister, too, barely escapes detection, and is immediately thrown into a state of panic and despair.

The realization that his theory is impracticable because of the very nature of man, added to the misery and desolation resulting from his sense of being hunted and suspected, drives him almost mad. He can no longer bear even the companionship of his beloved mother and sister, to whom he can never again speak freely. Until he is persuaded to give himself up to the police by an unfortunate and pathetic young girl, he experiences every violent emotion from terror to positive despair. The book is nothing more nor less than the history of a tortured conscience.

Flaubert never reaches, in *Madame Bovary*, the intensity or the penetration that Dostoevski attains in *Crime and Punishment*. The latter is outstanding chiefly because of its strength, a strength which consists mainly in the author's skillful dissection of the human mind. With a keenness of penetration that is almost breathtaking, Dostoevski bares the tortured soul of Raskolnikov. He does not stop at the conscious and real activity of the soul; he probes deeper into the realm of the subconscious and the abstract. This Flaubert could not do with the same consummate skill. In *Madame Bovary*, the realm of the abstract is closed to him. In consequence of this, there is a weakness in the psychological analysis which at the conclusion of the narrative, leaves one in a state of indifference. On the other hand, the end of *Crime and Punishment* leaves the reader tingling with varied and conflicting emotions.

We said before that Dostoevski combined the romantic with the realistic in his novels. On the surface, this, to a student of Russian literature, would seem absurd. Whatever else the Russians may be, they are not romanticists. Nevertheless, the unreal and the fantastic elements of romanticism can be found in *Crime and Punishment*. For instance, there is one passage that is unreal in its very reality. It is startlingly grotesque, yet strangely beautiful. We refer to that scene where Sonia reads aloud to Raskolnikov the Scriptural text of the raising of Lazarus. The harlot and the murderer—and Christ!

Then, to illustrate further our point, there is the description of Raskolnikov's delirious dream, wherein he sees all the nations of Europe drawn into dreadful conflict, and Russia fighting for her very life's breath. And this some fifty years before the Great War and the Russian Revolution! To the present-day reader the picture is terrifyingly realistic, but we must remember that to the reader of Dostoevski's day, it must have been utterly fantastic.

But Dostoevski was far ahead of his time in more ways than one. He speaks with evident mistrust of the young Socialist contingent that was growing up in the Russia of his day. And upon close examination of the philosophy of Raskolnikov, which Dostoevski proves to be pitifully ridiculous, we find that it is nothing more than the fundamental basis of the present Communistic regime in Russia, to wit, the ruthless destruction of all obstacles in the Bolshevist's march to power. But all that is beside the point. The important fact to observe is that Dostoevski, as well as Flaubert, skillfully blends the romantic with the realistic and naturalistic. With the former, the combination proves more successful, for Flaubert cannot shake off the artist in him that he may be a man; and it is the man in Dostoevski that gives him his strength.

John Drinkwater calls *Crime and Punishment* the greatest realistic novel in all literature. Since we balk at superlatives, we accept the statement, but with certain modifications. *Crime and Punishment* is certainly one of the greatest realistic novels in all literature, but we must not lose sight of the fact that it is built fundamentally upon a French principle, namely, *l'analyse de l'âme*.

ESCAPE

HELEN COLLINS '40

My first thought was to save myself. The confusion half-crazed my mind. I dashed from one place to another, frantically searching for some means of escape. The sound of splintering glass drove me away from the side of the deck where I had taken refuge. I knew that I must get to one of the lifeboats. These were being filled and lowered with women and children. With one mad dash I attempted to get in one which was nearly filled. A rough arm pulled me back and I felt the butt of a gun in my back.

"Women and children first, please." The officer jerked me away and I fell against the deck.

The boat lurched over on its side. Groping for the rail I pulled myself up. My head ached, and I knew that in some way I had injured my wrist. These, however, were furthest from my mind.

"I must get out! I have to get away from this boat!"

These words throbbed through every inch of my body.

"I must get out! I must get out!"

A chill went through my pain-wracked body and I remembered that I hadn't dressed.

Luckily, we still had lights and I returned to my cabin as quickly as I could. Here I suddenly conceived a plan. The rooms across were taken by an elderly woman. Laughing wildly at my own ingenuity, I speedily crossed to her suite.

"Yes, yes, I shall. No one will know and then I'll be safe. I'll be safe! Safe!"

The thought hummed in my brain.

"Safe! Saved! Perhaps in the bureau drawers. Not here, not in this one. Yes, here. Ha, ha! They'll never know. I'll wear it out there. I'm afraid to die; I can't die!"

The tears smarted my cheeks. I was cold, hot, crying and laughing at the same time.

"Ha, ha! Yes, I shall fool them; I'll not die. I'll be saved—saved—saved!"

I jerked the clothes over my head, my fingers almost pulling them to shreds. The screams and cries of the women on deck forced me to hurry. I ran down the passageway toward the wild voices of my once calm fellow-passengers. My arm felt heavy and swollen. The wrist must have been sprained when I fell on the deck. There was no time for such thought, however.

"Help! help me!" screeched a woman close beside me. "Find my son! Joe! Joe! Where are you?"

Someone attempted to quiet her. I didn't stop, but hastened, hurried on to my—

"Safety, safety. They'll never discover—"

Shoving and pushing, I edged closer to the line of women and children who were being helped into the lifeboats. I, too, was in that line, that line that would assure me of more years of that life which I loved. The same officer who before had thrust me aside now assisted me into the boat. I held the clothes tightly about me, not only from fear of being detected, but also because of the frigid air which cut through me. A child next to me grasped my paining left arm. I winced, but said nothing. It whimpered—

"Where is my mother—my mommie?" Then the words came muffled in sobs. I could do nothing. The boat was lowered. There was still room for more in it. Someone rowed; I never could remember who. No one spoke save to utter a groan or prayer. The child laid his head against my arm. My misery and pain were so great that I didn't have the energy to move him.

Hours later (it seemed like years) we were picked up. Confusion was once more rampant. I was half-carried, half-led to a room. Someone helped me to bed and I fell into a sleep almost as heavy as death.

A rough arm jerked me from this coma. I knew not how long I had slept. My wrist felt tight, secure. Someone had bandaged it. A young man brought me some clothes. I drank the coffee that was on the table and put on the clean shirt and trousers he gave me.

"You're to go up with the others when you're ready," he told me.

I nodded.

"Here's a warm coat. It's pretty chilly upstairs."

I put it on and followed him up to the first deck. The room was filled with people all talking together. I could hear a woman laughing hysterically, as though she were intoxicated. I took a chair close to the window.

"We dock in half an hour. Fog is still bad." It was the man next to me who spoke. I said nothing.

"How did you get away from it? Did you hear about the rat who dressed in women's clothes and escaped in one of the lifeboats? It's guys like that who should be shot. He must have been a yellow one. He was picked up by this boat, so he should be around here somewhere. I'd like to get one look at that bird—"

The room swam before my eyes. It was one haze of smoke. I could hear the voices, yet they seemed miles away. I was sick; I wanted to die. What had happened to me? What had made me do it?

"I suppose there'll be an investigation. They always have one for things like this." He was speaking again. I wished he'd go away.

"Leave me alone. I don't know what made me do it. I was afraid, afraid."

He looked at me quizzically.

"Say, Bud, you're shaking all over! What you need is a good drink. You'll be all right. Wait. I'll get you one."

He came back with a glass. I gulped down its contents. It burned my mouth and throat, and I felt hot.

"Why don't they open this window? It's warm in here. Can you get me something more to drink?"

"Sure, if you want it."

Again I drank the amber liquid that seemed somehow to liven my spirits.

"Sit down," I said to him. "I want to tell you why I did it. I was afraid—afraid. I didn't want to die. I have a wife and two kids, nice kids, Bill and Alice. Bill's in high school now. Alice is only a little thing. Twelve this year, or maybe thirteen; I never can remember. My wife always tells me I

should, but I lose track. They grow up so fast. Mister, I couldn't die. They need me. Besides, I was afraid. I thought that if I put on her clothes, no one would know. Let me have another drink, will you? Thanks. As I was saying, no one noticed me in the boat; I couldn't die; I just couldn't. Don't you understand?"

He looked at me long and hard.

"No."

He turned and walked away. Everyone stared at me until I felt as though I should scream. As I got up to go to the bar, I could hear them whispering—

"He's the one. Yes—in a woman's dress—yes."

The boat finally docked and I went ashore. My wife, Elizabeth, and Bill, met me. There was much crying and hand-shaking all around.

"I'll call a cab to take us to the hotel."

"Yes, do that. I was so afraid that I would never see you again, Elizabeth!"

We drove to the hotel.

"Let me tell you how it happened, Bill," I said eagerly, as soon as we were settled in our rooms.

"Not now, Dad. Wait until you are rested."

"But I don't want to rest. I want to tell you—"

Elizabeth interrupted.

"No, Frank, you must sleep for a while. Then we can talk it over."

I finally consented; I was tired and soon fell asleep. It was five o'clock when I awoke.

"I ordered dinner for us, Frank. You must be hungry. While we're waiting for it, I'll run down the street with Billy to get you some shirts and things."

I sent for a newspaper, and in the restful silence began to read. The paper was filled with pictures and accounts of the sinking of the boat. On one of the middle pages there was a long article about—

I dropped the paper; my face was burning; my hands felt clammy.

"Don't they realize that I was mad, insane? That I didn't know what I was doing? I was afraid. Is it so wrong to fear death?"

Elizabeth and Bill returned. I had to know what they thought.

"Here are some things for you, Frank. They'll do until we get home. Where did you get the paper?"

"I sent for it."

"You shouldn't read about it. Try to forget all that has happened to you."

She seemed ill at ease. Bill was staring out of the window.

"What's wrong?" I asked almost harshly. "Do you feel like the rest? Am I a coward? Am I yellow?"

Elizabeth started. "No, no, of course not, Frank. Billy, send for our dinner now, will you, please?"

"Yes, Mom."

"And a drink for me. Don't stand there staring. Do it, boy!"

"Yes, Dad."

The dinner that evening was not very successful. I drank too much.

"You will have to understand that I did it for you. No, that's not true. I did it because I was yellow. All right, I am yellow. I was afraid to die. So what? Everybody was afraid to die, only I did something about it. I couldn't stand there and wait, passively. It was cold." Vainly, I tried to convince myself, as well as my wife and son, that I had done right.

"Help me put him to bed, Bill."

"No, don't touch me. Bill, get me another drink."

But she wouldn't let him.

Life the next week was very miserable. I wanted to get away from New York. I felt that everyone there knew who I was and what I had done. But it was necessary to stay there until after the investigation. Then, back in my own home town things would be different. I felt that I should be understood. People were kinder there, more friendly.

My existence with my wife and son seemed all wrong. Bill was polite, but distant. I could not talk to him as of old. Elizabeth tried to shield me from the stares and whispers, yet even she was different. Neither of them ever mentioned my escape; that was the barrier. Her husband, his father, had been a coward. They knew it; the world knew it, and I knew it.

There were times when I would explain it all to them. When I would finish my story, she would just sit there silently, looking at her hands, and he would stare into space.

To forget, I took to drink. But even that was never really successful.

The investigation was finally held, and I told my story again. My pictures were all over the newspapers. Newsboys, bootblacks, waitresses, all recognized me.

After it was over, we took the train back to our home in New England. I felt that I could forget it all in my work at the college, teaching English literature and composition. It was late when we arrived at the little depot. Pete's taxi was standing in the accustomed place.

"Hello, Pete! It's been months since I've seen you," I said.

"Evening, Mr. Brand."

But the drive home was a silent one. Pete was not his usual loquacious self. No doubt it was the lateness of the hour.

Old acquaintances dropped in on us. At first this pleased me very much, but later I discovered that it was merely curiosity that made them call. I usually told them my story out of self-defense. Most of them held me in contempt for they, like the man on the boat, thought I was a coward. One by one they ceased visiting us. No doubt, I drove them away because of my heavy drinking and melancholy tale.

Little Alice was the only one who believed and understood me. By the hour, I told and retold her about my escape.

Bill avoided me as much as possible. He was ashamed of me. One night (I had been out) he had a group of his friends in the living room. I returned earlier than he anticipated.

Wavering unsteadily on my feet, I came to the doorway.

"Good-evening, boys."

"Good-evening, Mr. Brand."

"Don't rise. I saw you lads in here and thought I'd say hello. Hello, Bill."

"Hello, Dad."

"What are you looking so glum about? Think your Pop is drunk, don't you? Well, I guess I am. It's not hard to get drunk in this town if you want to, boys. And I want to."

That's the whole story. That's how I escaped.

OUR LADY
To an Inarticulate Poet

CLARE STANTON '40

"Beauty with you must silent be,
Wedded with still simplicity;
Silences strange and burning hide
The beautiful welter of thoughts inside.

I, too, have known the still, unheard,
Exquisite burden of a Word;
Secret and inward and apart,
Strange, voiceless Beauty beneath my heart."

THE SUMMER THEATRE

MARY DONOVAN '39

BROADWAY and the Medieval Churchyard, two terms, two worlds, which, to most theatre-goers connote irrelevant ideas, yet which are, in the history of the drama, inextricably associated. It was in the Churchyard, in the old miracle and morality plays, that modern drama had its genesis, and it is on Broadway that it has arrived. In the course of the transition from the Churchyard to the wheeled platform in the town square, from the town square to the open theatre, from the open theatre to the closed, many innovations have been effected, and now after a partial eclipse, the drama is re-emerging and acquiring a new and greater significance.

Within the past decade, Broadway has found a new testing-ground, the Summer Playhouse. At the Playhouse, the new productions are put to the proof, and the old ones revived.

The preponderating influence at work in the theatrical world appears, in considering the plays of the past season, to be not that of the miracle and morality, farce or pastoral play; the influence comes across an even wider gulf than that which separates us from Medieval times. It is the ancient Roman comic elements which are filtering into the works of modern dramatists. The influence appears not so much in the structure and execution as in the theme, investing it with an unsavory and unmitigated tone of godlessness, paganism, and license. *Carpe Diem!* as the Romans would say. Since the theatre is re-assuming its quondam position as an integral part of the arts, it is to be hoped that the concerted efforts of critics during this stage of revival will effect a formal expurgation. Evil, of course, has a place in the drama as it does in man's life, but can never be condoned in either place.

The Road to Rome by Robert Emmett Sherwood was presented early in the season at the Cape Playhouse, "America's most famous Summer Theatre." It played to an affluent, ex-

clusive social coterie composed of members who took unflinchingly, even with shameless pleasure, a strong dose of veneered smut. The scene was laid more or less authentically (a few licenses being taken) against a background of Roman history, i.e., the era of the Second Punic War, 216 B.C., when Hannibal, who as a youth had been consecrated to the destruction of Rome, made his famous march on that seat of empire. Fabius Maximus, the senile, indecisive dictator of Rome, was well played by Forrest Orr. Amytis, the Athenian wife of Fabius, was likewise played with verve and vivacity by Jane Cowl, a well-seasoned actress who a few years ago so well acquitted herself in *Romeo and Juliet*. Judson Laire did a fine, sensitive piece of acting as Hannibal. Indeed, the score we have to settle is not with the actors themselves but with the playwrights. Sherwood has a fecund and vigorous mind which, if directed more judiciously, might bring him fame.

Pygmalion, the brain child of George Bernard Shaw, was the next presentation of the Cape Playhouse Company. It showed the ill effect of a hard labor on the part of its author, yet the theme itself was irreproachable. The plot was cleverly conceived, and was concerned with the efforts of two students of phonetics to educate a crude street flower girl to refinement, so that she might thereby take her place in society and be a living example of the cleverness of her tutors. As Pygmalion moulded and gave the breath of life to Galatea, so Henry Higgins and Colonel Pickering gave grace and eloquence to their rough diamond, Eliza Doolittle. The complication arose when the education was completed and Higgins found his pupil bound to him in love. The play, up as far as the complication, which comes close upon the end, was handled with adroitness and felicity, yet the resolution found the author with a larger piece than he could chew. Mr. Shaw could not forego the pleasure of investing characters with the office of mouthpiece for his cynical sophistry. For example, one character glibly declared:

"If we understood what we were doing, should we ever do it?"

The actors performed well so long as the author sustained his original tone. When the dialogue began to limp, the action suffered proportionately.

Another summer theatre a little less known and not so "far from the madding crowd" is the Marshfield Hills Playhouse. The company also is a little less distinguished than that on the Cape, though all are seasoned troupers. The first performance I saw there was *Criminal at Large* by that super-sleuth, Edgar Wallace. Despite the fact that detective stories are rather second rate, they have much to recommend them. At least, there is always the triumph of virtue over vice, and, depending upon the author's skill, a healthy bit of mental stimulation. A detective piece is rather hard to handle upon a summer stage where space and also theatrical appurtenances are generally limited and sometimes altogether lacking.

Criminal at Large, in spite of all, was a convincing piece of drama which was adroitly handled by its performers. The plot centered about the inflexibly aristocratic Lady Lebanon, who was willing to go any length in order that future generations might not be without their Lebanons. She affianced her timid but attractive cousin, Isla, to her son, who had the taint of insanity in his blood, to secure an heir. The son's madness (well concealed through the first part of the play) provided a startling revelation which deliciously unnerved every member of the audience.

Noel Coward's second series in the cycle of *Tonight at Eight-Thirty* was the product of the Marshfield Company's further efforts. *We were Dancing*, the first number, was labelled "a comedy of love." It was, undoubtedly, a comedy, but not of love, rather of a playwright's nightmare. Ippaga provided a rare spot of color. He was the cocoa-skinned houseboy who sat mute like a mouse on his haunches during the performance, scantily clad with a bizarre printed turban on his thick skull, and his torso swathed in a matching piece of cloth.

Still Life, the second number, was protracted to five scenes (the first play being two) and was likewise toneless. The story involved a man and a woman, each with a respective spouse, who fell in love with each other at the Milford Station when the gentleman, a doctor by profession, removed a grain of dirt from the lady's eye. "It was the beginning of a long attachment," as the dime novels say. After eleven months of deception and degradation, they had the good sense to separate and return

to their respective homes. *Still Life* was unhealthy because of unethical involvements, but with a different theme might have been presented more successfully.

Shadow Play, the third number, was a musical fantasy, a quick moving, fevered sort of piece, and colorful in a garish sort of way. The script called for a song on the part of the leading lady, Victoria Ayforth. Her voice was shrill with excitement. The whole fantasy pivoted about a nightmare of Victoria's (induced by opium). Perhaps that would excuse the voice.

This series by Noel Coward proves him to be a playwright with some degree of cleverness, but certainly not brilliance.

The South Shore Players at the Town Hall in Cohasset is a company which, like the Cape Playhouse, employs the talent of the more prominent theatrical performers. In August, Blanche Yurka appeared in Mark Reed's super-sophisticated comedy, *Yes, My Darling Daughter*. The actors, without compunction, gave a very lucid performance. The whole theme was reprehensible so I shall not give any recapitulation here. The plot, which seemed quite bland, when unfolded on the stage with theatrical suavity and polish, when committed to paper, appears in all its unlovely aspect.

The Summer Theatre has in its power the opportunity to revive the excellent plays of past days, and to introduce the promising work of the new playwrights. So far, its efforts, though strong, have been directed into the wrong channels. Perhaps it is not alone culpable, for it is the office of the new writers to provide it with fare not injurious to the mind and morals of society. These unwholesome plays cannot, perhaps, unfavorably influence the conduct of the educated, yet when they are presented to uneducated, untrained minds, which cannot distinguish orthodox from unorthodox, instinct from reason, they are bound to work permanent havoc.

The play is coming back. For that we are thankful. Let the qualified writers and critics now demand that a moral tone be sustained in the theatre.

THE TEMPLE

MARGARET CONLEY '40

Man
Is a lofty temple,
Framed with the essence of immortality;
Emmanuel!

Life
Is a temple gate,
Studded with gems of friendship's timeless hours,
Remembrance!

Love
Is the temple's flame,
Glowing with suns of deathless ecstasy,
Eternity!

Death
Is the temple veil,
Rent by His Hand, Who guides us to our home,
Paradise!

REUNION

KATHERINE J. MERRICK '40

YOUNG Ronnie climbed the stairs slowly, pulling himself up by the mahogany rail. When he reached the landing he rubbed his hot, wet cheek against the cool, firm wall and scuffed along the edge of the carpet down to his room. The fading sunlight slithered along his window-sill, across his desk and rested upon a poster of his bed. He leaned against the door-jamb and allowed his thoughts to revert bitterly to what had just happened.

He hated his father with a cold, scourging hate that neither time nor kindness nor attention would remove as it had done in the past. He pitied his mother, that she would sit there quietly, watching him suffer through the blindness and unreasonableness of that beast, that God had made his father. Some day—but now he turned and tip-toed mechanically to his father's room, through his mother's, removing suspenders, belts, razor straps, hair brushes (no use for military brushes), with a practical and customary hand. All very well to be scornful and indignant, but these were safer in his bottom drawer for the present. Besides it was ridiculous that a nine-year fellow should be licked as though he were a child. A faint splinter of fear touched him as he remembered the sentence of the brute below, when he had appeared dusty and sweating in the doorway at seven-thirty.

"Go upstairs, and wait for me."

He had remonstrated wildly and reasonably before harsh eyes and glaring teeth. The sentence was repeated with emphasis. He protested again, but stopped short as his father rose tall and trembling from the dinner table. Young Ronnie looked, and received a signal from his mother's eyes and turned about. But, shucks, the little cry baby had to bawl before he reached the door. Such shame, especially before that gloating, hateful ogre, whose joy it was to make him miserable. The tears came

forcing their way to his eyes, now smarting from their previous ordeal. In a fresh burst of anger, he flung himself upon the bed, burying his face in the pillow, and giving himself completely over to his injuries.

Old Britt climbed the stairs more slowly than his son, and much more heavily—his hand unknowingly touching the dull streaks that the culprit's fingers had left on the shining wood. His mind swirled and tore as he strove to maintain composure, but the devil-spears of doubt, discouragement, and futility prodded him unmercifully. Hall and Swift had suddenly decided against his proposition. R. H. had looked obscure when he told him. Confound him! You can't get contracts all the time. He knew Martha understood and he felt a swift rush of emotion for her, but this was instantly blocked by the remembrance of her plea for Ronald. A woman can coddle a boy into an obstinate and disagreeable fool. The rascal had been brought up to be punctual for meals and six was the deadline. Besides, he talked back and that was intolerable. The lump of a nervous, indigestible dinner lay heavy in his stomach, and he almost groaned aloud in despair as he went into his bedroom.

Immediately he missed the presence of familiar objects on his dresser, recalled them, and strode towards his closet. They were all gone. All of his irritableness rose within him, and with clenched fists and fierce face he stamped into his wife's room. This little trick had been played once too often and he'd break his impudent back. Did he take his father for a doddering old fool?

Martha's room was cleared out, too, heh? We'll see. Spinning about he burst into the boy's room and checked himself momentarily before those small, shaking shoulders. Then, harshly, "Ronald!"

The boy quickly turned and presented a crimson, tear-stained face.

"Sir?"

"Just what do you think you are doing?"

"Sir?"

Old Britt swallowed and began again—

"Where are my brushes and belt?"

Silence, with downcast eyes. Then Old Britt lost control

of himself and leaning down he seized the boy's shirt at his breast and jerked him to a sitting position.

"Ronald! I've finished with this tommy-rot. Where I ever got such an ill-mannered, disobedient, ugly brat as you, I don't know. But I'm going to stop all this if I have to take it out on you. And from now on, every time you side-step I'm going to punish you severely."

At this point Old Britt was seething with anger; he blindly struck Ronnie across the mouth with his open hand. The boy's eyes opened to a stare, and he looked as though a world had fallen upon him. No cry—no sound—just that hurt, reproachful stare! Old Britt's hand relaxed, and the young one dropped to his pillow again and turned his face away. His father straightened his tall, lean frame, started across the room, hesitated, stopped, turned toward the door, turned back again to the boy—started to speak, but the silent, averted head checked his poor tongue. Quietly he went out.

In the dark of his own room, Old Britt stood and rested his arms on the open window. Twilight had paid its quick visit and the night was clear and mild. To his unseeing eye there appeared rows of stately trees, light upon cool, shimmering water, and the beauty of an early summer night; to his unhearing ear came the murmur and rustle of leaves moved by a quiet breeze and the sound of low laughter. Hall and Swift—Old R. H.—Martha—that debt.

All these had gone and there remained only before his eyes the back of that little head, and in his ears that terrible silence after. He knew now what worry was—he knew those same emotions that had barely touched him before were now burning his soul and eating his heart. Awful thing to strike a boy on the head—Doctor had remarked on that. But to hit young Ronnie—his Ronnie—the laughing, rosy baby—the unsteady, toddling youngster—the rollicking ball of fat that he himself rushed home to play with. And then those terrible weeks of sickness. The burning pain of fear stabbed his heart as he remembered those days when little Ronnie had almost slipped away from them. And now a little man—he had slapped him across the mouth—the boy he loved—and just for playing the little game he always played. What shall I do? He bowed his poor head.

Gradually in the night he gained his strength, and with strength he resolved to wait no longer. Across the room—now open the door—out in the hall—now listen. There is no sound, so open his door and creep ever so softly in. There he is, asleep, so pale and slight. Sit down on the bed and look at him. Now his big eyes open and you look at each other gravely, for almost a minute. Then you put your shaky hand on his forehead and smooth his hair back.

Old Britt had a reputation around town; they knew him as a spell-binder. He knew how to use words in their best colors and “he could talk” you into anything he desired. He had had the best sales record for years. As he stroked the boy’s brow, he coughed and cleared his throat.

“Well, listen, Ronnie, I—ah—well, I’m a punk! I’m no good, see? And I’m sorry about that, Ronnie, and well—I’m sorry, Ronnie.”

And the boy looked up with starry eyes, just as though he were in a dream, and he breathed quickly and then whispered, “Aw, gee, Dad!”

Then he grabbed his father’s hand from his forehead and kissed it twice on the palm. Old Britt squeezed his arm hard and then kissed him on his forehead. He slipped out the door just before he broke down. Outside his room, he leaned against the door and proudly let the unaccustomed tears stream down his cheeks. Within him a love that he had never felt before made glad his heart. Stronger than love for parents, stronger even than his love for Martha, almost as strong as his love of Christ, he felt towards the little Ronnie who had kissed his hand. His head became weak and giddy. He knew that he could never be sad again.



SEA-FANTASY

HELEN K. CULLEN '42

THE SPIRIT OF THE SEA

I WAS there. I did not read it; I was not told; it was not conveyed to me on rumor's hesitant wing. Ah, no, I saw her; I witnessed her queer perplexities. Yes, I was there.

Do you ask where? Well, let me tell you as best I can, for my mind is befogged and my perception is weakening.

I was young, rugged, seaworthy; the possessor of no despicable position; I was first-mate on Dalton's gorgeous schooner, the *Daphne*.

We were well off the coast of Honduras, headed due east. The *Daphne* glided with the speed of Marathon, the poise of Venus, and the regality of Jupiter. As we went east, tropical storms intermingled with northern currents, so that the sea became choppy. But we did not mind. We were old sea-hands.

As night drew on, the sea became more infuriated, the waves more elevated, the air more enraged. With the descent of night, terror spread over us; sails talked, masts whimpered, waves whispered. What a night! The presence of wheeling sea-gulls told us of the probability of some ship nearby. We did not know; we could not be certain.

It must be remembered that we were hard-working seamen, not gentlemen adventurers. What we saw was not an optical illusion, for seamen are not poets. In the middle of my watch I saw a light flash. I waited. Another flash. I called Captain Dalton. We both looked. We both saw—what? To us it seemed a spectre ship, luminous, golden. It had a halo of light around it, aureous, yet burning with gilded sparks. It scintillated golden sparks from stern to bow.

And as we looked, the waves were tossing, yet the sea seemed motionless for all that. Our boat stood still. We dared not breathe, nor utter prayer. We dared not shout, nor call

all hands. Something, a power, a spirit, had us in hand; we had it in heart and mind. Closer we could not move to this spectre of the sea. We knew, oh, how we knew! It was she, the Spirit of the Sea. We were hers now.

The Spirit of the Sea! What is held in those words! What power, what joys, what sadness, cares. Whenever it is imbued, imbibed, inherited, she has you, you are hers.

I was there. I am hers. She is my mistress. To her belong my desires, my yearnings. Alas, I am old. But I was there. I have seen her.

SUBMARINED

I LIVE; yet I am dead. I am conscious of all that surrounds me; yet I feel nothing.

Have you ever beheld the secluded solitudes of the sea? The opalescent beauties of the deep to a true lover of beauty are rare; the coral makes the water glow vividly, while oysters make it glow with wealth. But the rarest wealth of all, and the rarest glow of all is the peace of the deep.

Here nature is at rest; the glow of phosphorous is pleasant. The petrified forests and submerged cities of old create an atmosphere of awesome strangeness.

But, you say, how does a human fit into this picture? An explanation is forthcoming.

A few years ago, pearl hunting was a most prosperous occupation. Pearls were in great demand by ladies of great wealth and the demand increased daily. I cast my lot with the island natives and put to practice my great skill as a swimmer and deep-sea diver, for pearl hunting was lucrative and fascinating.

My story might have been longer, and also my life, had not the unfortunate appearance of a man-eating shark put an end to my pursuit of pearls. But the story lives on. Like Jonah of old, I floated with the current, through the immense jaws of the monster, into the blackness of his stomach. I must have tickled him so much, and he must have laughed so hard that he cast me right out before much time had elapsed. Unfortunately, I was dead.

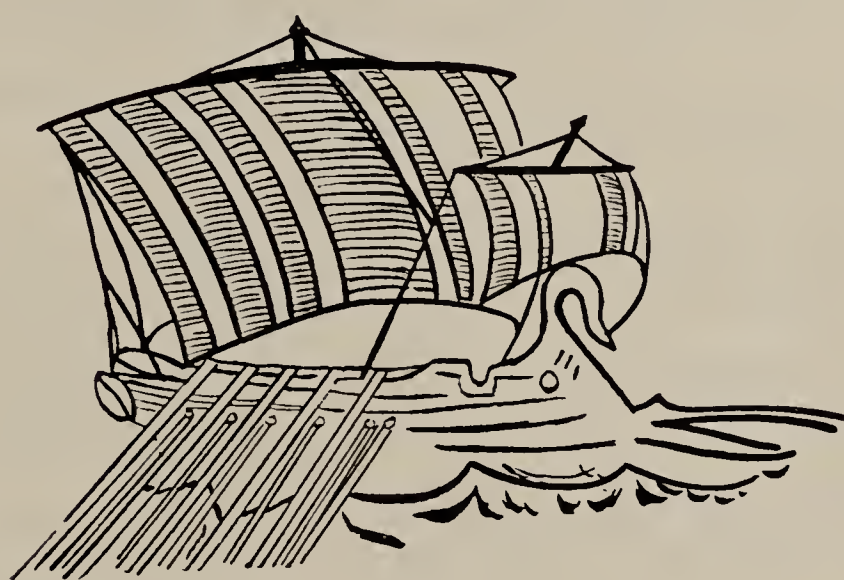
Nevertheless, something must have lived on. I found a new home; I became suddenly sensitive to beauty. Everything

around me was quiet, oh, so quiet and peaceful. Myriads of fish swam about me, yet they perceived me not. There were sea-flowers and sea-weeds, yet my tread was unheeded. Neptune himself did not recognize me; I was a man without a country.

Ripples and waves and pools play unknowingly with me; they are gentle and friendly. My watery grave is not a prison, nor is it a final resting-place. I am kept in constant motion by the waves and the current. The waves clean my brow, and pass on, always on and on, eternally. Shadows of fish flash over me, moving on endlessly with the current.

Here I must stay, amid the fascinating beauties of the sea. Until when? I do not know.

I am dead, yet all about me is living. Who am I? What am I? I'll never know.



NOX

LECONTE DE LISLE*

Sur la pente des monts les brises apaisées
Inclinent au sommeil les arbres onduleux ;
L'oiseau silencieux s'endort dans les rosées,
Et l'étoile à doré l'écume des flots bleus.

Au contour des ravins, sur les hauteurs sauvages
Une molle vapeur efface les chemins ;
La lune tristement baigne les noirs feuillages ;
L'oreille n'entend plus les murmures humains.

Mais sur le sable au loin chante la Mer divine,
Et des hautes fôrets gémit la grande voix,
Et l'air sonore, aux cieux que la nuit illumine,
Porte le chante des mers et le soupir des bois.

Montez, saintes rumeurs, paroles surhumaines,
Entretien lent et doux de la Terre et du Ciel !
Montez, et demandez aux étoiles sereines
S'il est pour les atteindre un chemin éternel.

O mers, ô bois songeurs, voix pieuses du monde,
Vous m'avez répondu durant mes jours mauvais ;
Vous avez apaisé ma tristesse inféconde,
Et dans mon coeur vous chantez à jamais !

* Reprinted from *French Lyrics of the Nineteenth Century* by A. J. Henning, with permission of Ginn and Company, Publishers.

NIGHT

[A TRANSLATION]

FLAVIA CALIRI '39

The gentle breezes on the mountain-steep
In slumber now the swaying trees enfold;
And in the dew the birds, now silent, sleep,
And starlight paints the foam-tipped waves in gold.

On wild ravine and towering woodland height
A heavy, lifeless mist conceals the ground.
A pallid moon black foliage bathes in light;
The ear can hear no longer human sound.

On far-off shores the sea divinely sings,
A wailing voice rises from forests high;
The sonorous air to starlit heaven brings
The ocean melody and forest sigh.

Rise, sacred sounds, rise, superhuman speech,
Sweet discourse joining Earth and Sky, ascend
To stars that shine serene, and there beseech
To know the everlasting road that leads to them.

O loving voice of dreaming woods and seas,
My consolation in my weary days,
My barren sorrow then you did appease,
And so deep in my heart you sing always.

THE INTERVIEWER REPORTS

JANE PROUT '39

WELLESLEY, Smith, Wheaton and Radcliffe have enjoyed for some years a very cosmopolitan atmosphere, due to the large number of foreign students in their midst. Because Emmanuel is essentially a day college, founded to educate Catholic women of Greater Boston, there have been few opportunities for Emmanuel girls to have foreign students as classmates. This year, however, we have at least three Freshmen who have had varied experience in living in countries about which most of us have merely read. In engaging in conversation with these girls, and with others in my own class, I have obtained a brief knowledge of the educational systems of various foreign countries, and a veritable wealth of information concerning their customs and manners.

First, let us introduce Lucia Ho, the pleasant Chinese girl who has come here to study in order that she may return later to her native country, and work to promote the cause of Catholicity there. She is gentle and friendly in manner, a little lady in all respects, reminiscent of stories we used to read as children about tea parties and etiquette in China. We must admire her ability to express herself so well, not only in English, but also in French. She is striving to absorb our civilization and to promote a feeling of mutual understanding. Upon questioning her, I learned that Chinese schools follow the American system of arrangement, that is, eight grades of grammar school, four years of high school and four years of college.

Thelma Morales, the vivacious girl from neighboring Panama, is our second acquaintance. You may recognize her by her pretty little earrings, and by the silver bracelets that she wears on her right arm. She reminds one of the gay Spanish girls we admire so much in paintings; she has that sparkle and liveliness in her manner that is definitely pleasing and charming.

Next we come to Patricia Murphy, who is one of those rare Americans "at home abroad." Patricia spent two years travelling in Europe and Africa. And how may we distinguish her from her classmates? She is distinctly the Celtic type with blond hair and blue eyes that sparkle as she describes realistically the places she has visited and the people she has met.

We may mention that she has visited the Azores, Portugal, Gibraltar, Algiers, Greece, Yugoslavia, Spain, France, England and Germany. She was for a long time a student at Trinità del Monte, a finishing school conducted by the Madames of the Sacred Heart in Rome. In Rome, she was fortunate in securing no less than three audiences with Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, whom she describes as a saintly, fatherly man. He spoke to the girls in Italian, and showed a keen interest in asking a Mexican girl in the group about conditions in her country.

Patricia visited the outstanding art centres and monuments of Italy, but observed with a twinkle in her eye that Italians enjoy immensely the American movies, especially the ones in which Mickey Mouse cuts his capers. Venice impressed her with its quietness and peacefulness, resulting, of course, from the absence of screeching auto horns and locomotives. The gondola is used there as the only means of conveyance, even in funerals.

Patricia also stayed at Pontevedra, Spain, at another Sacred Heart School. Because of the religious upheaval in Spain, all religious are forced to wear civilian clothes. School discipline in Spain is very severe; for example, conversation at the table is allowed only one day a week. The entire school day is devoted to serious study. Patricia was fortunate in having visited the historic places which have since been destroyed by the Revolution. Because of the Revolution she was forced to leave Spain and go to Austria where she stayed at Bregenz, near Lake Constance. At this school she was one of the international group who spoke German. Here she saw the beginnings of the difficulties between Hitler and Austria. Among her acquaintances were Stephanie Von Papen, daughter of the former German Ambassador to Vienna; and Maria Theresa Von Lunnick, daughter of the President of Westphalia. Patricia Murphy says that the wealthy European girls leave school at seventeen as a

rule. They spend more time in Art Appreciation, Music and Literature than in studying sciences. But why should I ramble on enumerating thus in such a sketchy fashion Patricia's experiences when she is such a brilliant conversationalist herself and can tell her own story in a far more fascinating manner.

You may be surprised to learn that Deirdre Dalton, Senior, did not speak English until her first year of High School. She was educated at a Gaelic-speaking school at Dublin. Deirdre tells us that there are three types of schools in the Irish Free State. First there is the National or Public, which is supported entirely by the Government. Next there is the Parochial or Religious School which is supported partly by the Church and partly by the Government. Then there is the private school which is supported entirely by private individuals.

Jean Daley, Senior, who spent her freshman year at the University of Lille, France, finds a great many differences between the French and the American colleges. The French girls spend a great deal of time studying, and therefore complete in two years what we do in four. Even their diversions are on a serious plane: music, drama, literature, opera, and very little in the way of moving pictures or dances.

Catherine Fleming, Senior, says that the colleges in England are like our preparatory schools. To add to the confusion of the American who tries to understand the complicated English system, the divisions of the English Universities are also called "colleges." She says that the lower forms may be compared to the first six grades in the American Grammar school; and the Secondary schools or Upper forms may be compared to the seventh grade up to the last year of High School. Catherine attended the Notre Dame Convent School at Blackburn, England, her freshman year.

We hope that these girls will write a few of their own personal reminiscences in another issue so that we may better understand and admire the foreign countries which they know by living abroad.

In conclusion may I say that it has been a very profitable experience to interview such an interesting and varied group of girls, and I suggest that more of you try to make their acquaintance.



WATER UNDER THE BRIDGE

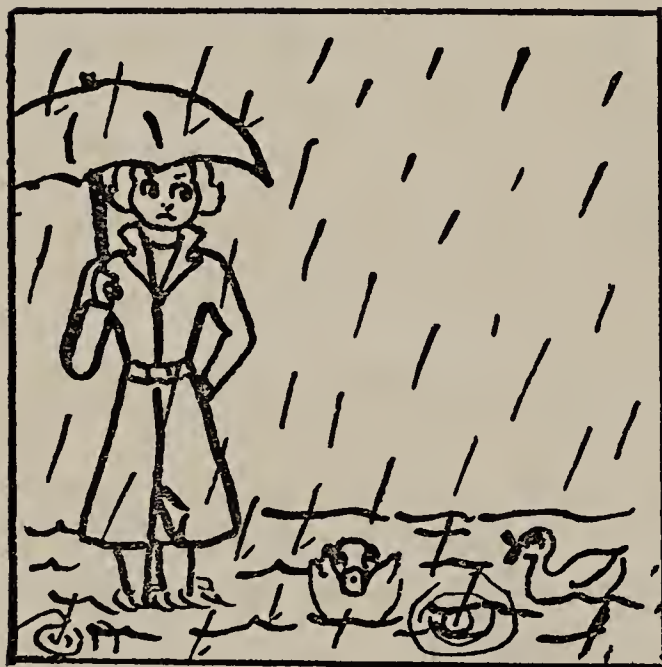
WE READ somewhere recently that loyal Scotsmen in this country are presenting a united front in the cause of Anti-Swing. What, you will ask, has this jitterbug craze to do with the Scots? Well, it seems that since the phenomenal success of the swing version of *Loch Lomond*, attempts have been made to present, in the same ultra-modern arrangement, the ballad dearest to the Scotsman's heart, *Scots Wha Hae*.



The Scottish indignation, in our estimation, is certainly justifiable. If we are forced to grit our teeth every time we hear the lovely strains of *Loch Lomond* presented in the best Goodman manner, what must be the anguish of the Scotsman to whom the melody is dear?

In like manner, the rendition of *M'Appari* from the opera *Martha* in Swing time infuriates us. We heard Beniamino Gigli sing it not long ago, as it should be sung, and we were practically reduced to tears,—but tears of joy and reverence for the art of a great tenor. Perhaps we are too dull to appreciate the value of Swing. Perhaps we are too conservative. Nevertheless, we, and the Scots, send up a fervent prayer of thanksgiving that there are not more songs of a classical or a semi-classical nature that lend themselves easily to *Swing*!

* * * * *



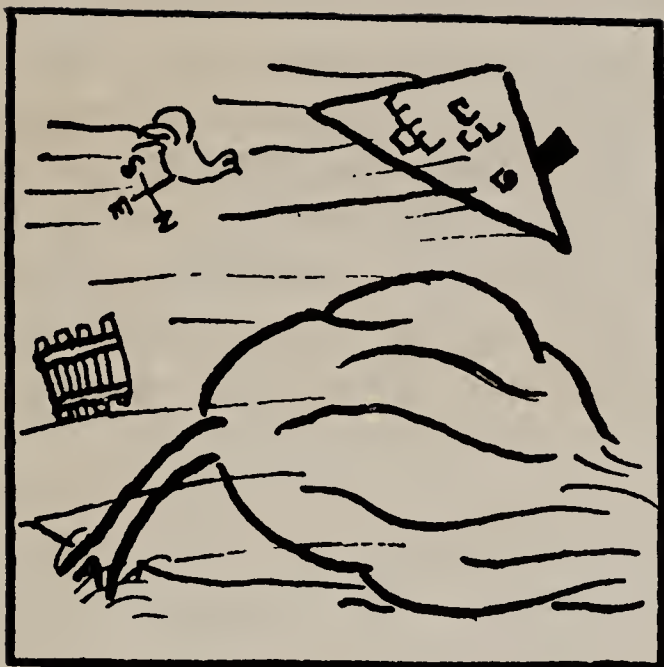
AND the Rains Came"—all summer! We wonder if the ducks were happy!

Speaking of rain—when we were in the romper stage, years and years ago, we believed with the utmost fidelity that the raindrops were the tears of God; that every once in a while He would have a fit of the blues in consequence of our gross misbehavior, and so He would weep. Then

what remorse was there, what repentance, what resolutions!

It all seemed very logical to us at the time. After all, didn't God always do things in a big way,—making worlds and stars and moons, with the same ease with which we made mud-pies? It naturally and logically followed that when He cried, He shed, not one or two insignificant tears, but whole bucketfuls—enough to inundate the whole world! And the strange part of it all was, that it never failed to pour after we had been particularly naughty!

We find now that that childhood impression has not altogether left us. Much to our annoyance, during that famous week of July seventeenth we found ourselves wondering which of our misdemeanors had brought on all that weeping and wailing!



AMERICA's intrepid young aviator, Douglas Corrigan, seems to have started a fad that has influenced even the elements. We now read in the papers of cyclones going the "Wrong Way." Scheduled to arrive in Florida on a given date, a hurricane turns up unexpectedly in rain-weary New England and creates a sensation to the tune of immeas-

urable property damage and loss of life.

We know of a refreshingly optimistic soul who insisted, all during that phenomenal September hurricane, that the end of the world had come. She even went so far as to imply that Hitler was the Anti-Christ! We think she was a little disappointed to find the sun shining in her window when she awoke the next morning—still on this side of eternity!

Indeed, the hurricane, in a few hours, created a picture that may have been aptly called "the changing landscape." We will not soon forget the peculiar sensation we experienced when every time we ventured to peek, we saw trees and bushes flying past our window. And it took us a long time to shake off the conviction, as we looked out at our treeless (but heretofore amply treed) backyard, that we were somehow not living in our customary abode. The "unusual" is becoming more and more the "usual" thing. New England travel agencies can now boast of a tropical climate, and for a change in scenery, New Englanders can stay right at home.

* * * * *

The dramatic possibilities of the recent European war-crisis, of course, are boundless. Now that the danger is over, for the time being at least, we find it pleasant to visualize the momentous scenes that decided the fate of modern civilization. By far the most gripping scene must have been that of the return of Neville Chamberlain to England after his first unsuccessful parley with Adolf Hitler. The Prime Minister stands before the Parliament

and before all England to admit that which is most difficult for human being to admit, defeat. In a voice weary with despair and disappointment, he warns his people to prepare for the worst. For there is no doubt that war clouds hang over Europe and he, the one man to whom England, nay the whole world, looked for a peaceful solution to the problem, has failed. Suddenly a cablegram is presented to the Prime Minister, right there in the halls of the Parliament. With trembling hands he opens it, reads it, and there before all the assembly he weeps unashamedly. For this is the invitation to Munich, to hope, and to triumph. Within twenty-four hours Chamberlain is in Munich and very shortly afterwards, a peaceful settlement is made. The triumph appears on the surface to be Hitler's, but in reality it is the Prime Minister of England who is the victor.

* * * * *

We would like to take this opportunity to pay tribute to one of our fellow Seniors, who has taken on simultaneously with the academic robe and all the dignity pertaining thereto a goodly share of hard and unremitting labor. We have watched her with the deepest admiration as she circulated among her classmates during the first unsettled weeks of school, her notebook in hand, and an ever-ready complacency in her smile, performing the superhuman task of getting some hundred odd Seniors off, safely and sanely, to the photographer. We have marvelled at her unruffled, calm manner of approach and her willingness to oblige, when, justly speaking, we were the ones who should have been obliging. We have watched her, too, with no little anxiety, as she wandered through the corridors and in and out of classrooms, apparently talking to herself, with a deeply harassed expression on her face. But the moment a friend would approach, she would brighten up, and if she were worried or hard-pressed, the world would never know about it—not if she could help it!

Now that her task has been ably and admirably achieved, and that the greater part of her worries is over, we wish to tell her—and we think we speak for the whole class in general—of our admiration for her unstinting labor and her calm affability. So, Rita McKearin, orchids to you—a whole armful of them!

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EDITORIAL

Shakespeare has been accused of a host of things ranging from poaching to plagiarism, and not too much objection has been raised against the accusations. But indignation must certainly be running high among his most faithful followers at this awakening of an old claim, this attack on that which, as a man, he must have prized above all things, his identity. If people were really to believe that William Shakespeare was Francis Bacon, and furthermore, that Francis Bacon was Edward VI, the bard of Avon would be placed in a rather ridiculous position, that of not being himself.

It seems that the Baconian Society claims Bacon, Lord Verulam, to be the author of the immortal plays, because an unlettered man like Shakespeare could never have written them.

This raises the question: Then who was Shakespeare? The Baconians are ready with an answer: He was a rather talented fellow, one of those actors of the famed Elizabethan theatre, who happened to make the acquaintance of Bacon. From his position as a superb poet, they would relegate him to a superb impostor. It is a mystery to us how any one could ferret out a complication from the situation, when the facts seem so plain. In the first place, what reason would Bacon have for concealing his authorship. We know for a fact that vanity and desire for self-advancement were among his outstanding characteristics. Is it possible, then, that he would stand back and watch another man enjoy an immense popularity and acclaim what rightfully belonged to him? Hardly.

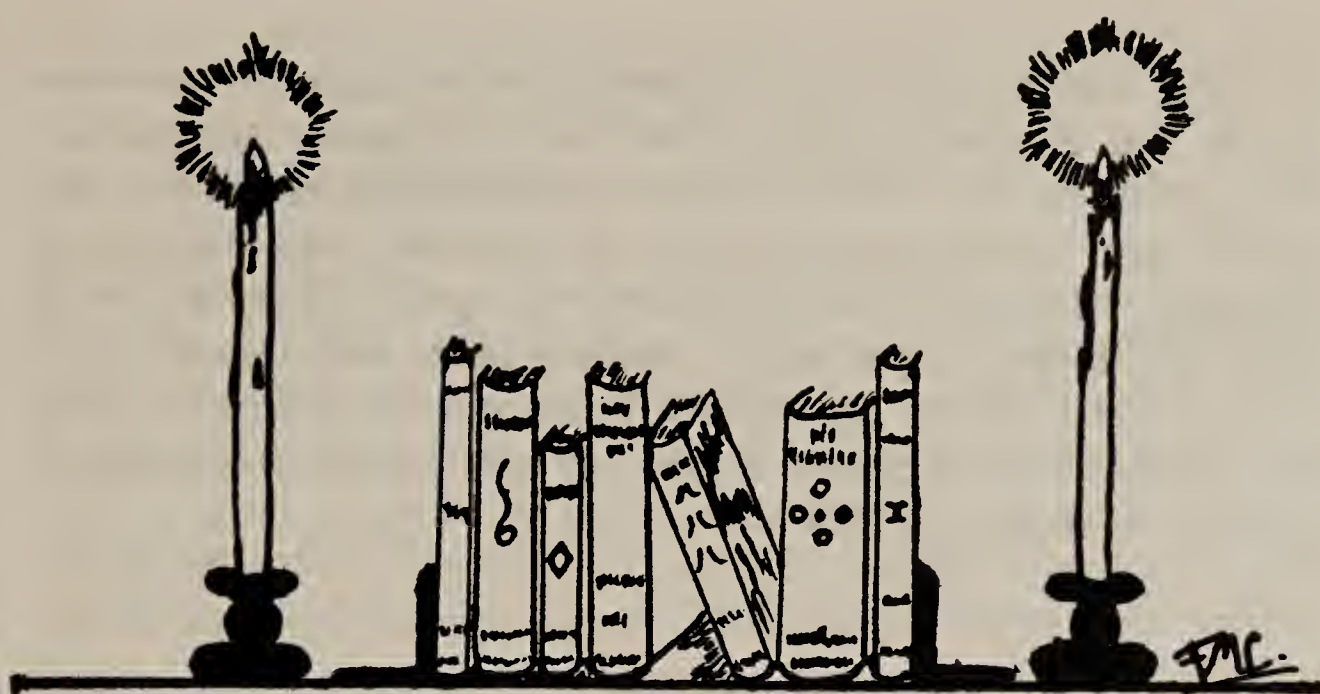
Another claim that the Baconians bring forth is that their hero was really Edward VI, predecessor of Mary Tudor, who, turning away from all the strife and wrangling of his court, abdicated secretly, giving out that he had died. Later, Elizabeth, who knew he was living, regarded him as a possible danger to her crown; and her attitude toward him was one of menacing friendliness. Recognizing the uncertainty of his position, Bacon preferred to remain incognito, but his identity was revealed later to the world by inscriptions on the doors of his home which bear the insignia of Edward Tudor. All this may be true, but it still does not prove that he was the author of the plays attributed to William Shakespeare.

We like the Shakespeare legend though, if legend it be according to the claims of the Baconians. It is useful in more ways than one. It is a fact we can fall back on invariably when reports reach home and parents frown. "Look at Shakespeare," we say, "he never learned very much at school. He was probably stupid, even. But look at what he did, etc., etc."

At any rate we maintain, in opposition to the Baconians who are finding such enjoyment in disturbing the sleep of our greatest poet, that the same pen that could so prolifically produce *Of Truth*, *Of Friendship*, and *Of Honor* could never have written even that one magnificent phrase,

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care—"

He had enough cares in his lifetime; let him enjoy the sleep that he so superbly describes.



BOOK REVIEWS

STRENGTH THROUGH PRAYER

Sister Helen Madeleine

Sister Helen Madeleine has brought out this month an inspiring little sequel to *With Heart and Mind*, which appeared last year. Father Daniel A. Lord, S.J., expresses so perfectly in his preface the essence of this second volume that we feel any attempt to enlarge upon his statement, or to improve it, would be futile. Father Lord says in part:

"I think this is an important little volume. It gives the mind a vision of the grandest Hero that ever lived. It gives the heart the sound of His compelling words, the rhythm of those phrases that rocked the world into new consciousness. It does not say, 'Will you think?' but it tactfully and compellingly says, 'Come, dream of this; think happily of that.'"

The arrangement of *Strength Through Prayer* is similar to that of *With Heart and Mind*. Each chapter is in the form of a meditation based on some Scriptural text. Sister Helen Madeleine has suggested the applications that may be made of these texts to the individual soul in the struggles and problems that make up the pattern of daily life. For sorrow and hardship are universal.

The meditations reveal a heart that is entirely and irrevocably our Saviour's, and a mind that is humbly grateful for His loving mercy. They disclose an approach to union with Christ that could be found only in the mind and heart of a religious. *Strength Through Prayer* is aptly named for it is calculated to give us just that. There is never a time in our lives when meditation will not lift the heart and strengthen the soul. And in this book we have a gracious and earnest invitation to prayer, to thought, to solace.

F. C.

TRIUMPH OVER PAIN

René Fülöp-Miller

Triumph over Pain, according to the author, René Fülöp-Miller, was written as a tribute to America. It is unique, for it is the first book Mr. Fülöp-Miller has written about an American hero and an American achievement. It is the story of Morton's discovery of ether, and of the men whose experiments prepared the way for him and his final triumph. In all the history of medical science, there is no discovery that has been of greater benefit than the discovery of anesthetics, the means of preventing pain. For centuries, healers and scientists had sought a reliable method of relieving pain. The Greeks and Egyptians used drugs and hypnotism; during the Middle Ages, some physicians who used drugs or hypnotism became known as healers or magicians. Mesmer, whom Fülöp-Miller calls the last of the magicians, became a popular healer and a favorite at the court of one of the last kings of France. The most dramatic and by far the most fascinating portion of the book is the story of Doctor Morton, who has been hailed as the "benefactor of mankind" by some, and attacked, in his own time, as a scoundrel and a fake by others. His life-long battle for the integrity of his reputation as a scientist and as an honest man is graphically and sympathetically related in the book. *Triumph over Pain* is a profoundly interesting book. It is one of those true stories from the records of medical science that is more thrilling than an adventure story and stranger than fiction.

A DAY OF BATTLE

Vincent Sheean

Vincent Sheean, with his journalist's knack for finding interesting highlights, his reporter's ability to spotlight important facts, his historian's power of interpretation, his novelist's skill in combining fact with fiction to tell an exciting story, and his own brand of genius to give it life and color, has produced a novel that makes events of the past real and vibrant. *A Day of Battle* is one of the most brilliant books Sheean has written.

It is the story of what happened during one day, when the army of France, reinforced by Irish, Scottish and English Stuart sympathizers, met the combined forces of the Hanoverian English and Dutch troops. The story begins with the arousal of the encamped army, and ends with the lighting of the campfires at night. But during the day a battle was fought that became a victory with a hollow glory. The French and Stuart forces gained what was useless to them, that raised false hopes and caused the loss of Canada by France and resulted in the end of the Stuart attempts to win back the throne of England. Great figures of the day were the actors in the drama that took place that day; King Louis XV of France, Richelieu, Charles Stuart, Marshal Maurice of Saxony, Madame de Pompadour, and Voltaire all have their roles. The origin of the story may be traced to an old song centering about the heroic battle of Fontenoy. To the Irish, Fontenoy was a victory, and a proud victory, of the Irish Brigade over the English army. Mr. Sheean tells us that he first took an interest in the Fontenoy episode when he read Voltaire's rather grotesque version of it in the language of the false epic; further, it was a landmark in the careers both of Voltaire and of Madame Pompadour, and as such, claimed his attention. The battle of Fontenoy has been more romanticized than any other episode of the eighteenth century; to the French and Irish, especially, it is *the* romantic battle, filled with chivalry and heroism. Vincent Sheean has skillfully and artistically re-created the scene as it has never been done before.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

Paul Vincent Carroll

Shadow and Substance is one of the finest plays that has come out of Ireland since *Juno and the Paycock* and *The Plough and the Stars*. It is a play entirely different from the efforts of O'Casey or of Yeats, for it is shot through with the Catholic spirit.

Canon Skerritt is half-Irish, half-Spanish, aristocratic in feeling, resentful of his relationship to an humble Irish family. He is a classicist who dislikes the work-a-day Irish clergy, who despises Irish education, who looks upon the Church tradition as a world culture, rather than a nationalistic one, who uses his superior education and intellect with subtle cruelty against his curates and townspeople. Yet with all his pride and snobbery, he loves tenderly and sincerely his little servant-girl, Brigid, who typifies to him the spirit of classic Ireland, an Ireland untainted by the Nordic element.

Almost equally fond of Brigid is the schoolmaster, Dermot O'Flingsley. Actually, these two men have much in common, for they both despise the mediocrity of Irish popular education. O'Flingsley writes a book, savagely attacking not only the system of teaching, but also the neglect of the Irish priests, and especially of a certain canon (Canon Skerritt, of course) in this respect. Upon discovering, by a most unique method, the identity of the author, the Canon discharges O'Flingsley, putting in his place a nit-wit and a sycophant. The townspeople, incited to fury against the schoolmaster, stone him, and Brigid, in an attempt to warn him, is accidentally killed in the riot. By her sacrifice, Brigid shows the Canon to himself, in all his selfishness and pride, imparting to him, at last, the humility of the truly spiritual.

What sets Paul Vincent Carroll apart from the ordinary Irish dramatist is not his story, but his mastery of character, not only of the Irish peasant, but of the aristocrat. His exposition of the Canon is both subtle and powerful, ironic and mordant. The Very Reverend Thomas Skerritt is one of the few figures of modern drama who possesses the grand manner and yet is infinitely real. And his Brigid is a saintly woman, typi-

giving to him the spirit of the true Ireland, the spirit of humble faith. These two figures set Mr. Carroll apart from other Irish dramatists, and in a position a little exalted. But in his portrayal of the more earthly characters, he is equally successful. The schoolmaster, the curates, the townspeople are all beautifully depicted and typical of their places in life.

Catholics may well be proud that *Shadow and Substance* is one of the most distinguished plays of the season. Let us hope that there is real significance in this, that Catholics are no longer willing to let their position in the drama be one of inferiority. We have an inheritance and a richness of tradition unequalled. Let us hope that it is beginning at last to flower once more, to come again into its own.

DEIRDRE DALTON, '39.

D'ANNUNZIO

By Thom. Antongini

A trying existence, yet a fascinating one, must have been that of Signor Thom. Antongini, private secretary, *valet de chambre*, and general all-around man to the late soldier-poet, D'Annunzio. Signor Antongini is certainly best qualified to be the eccentric gentleman's biographer, since he was in close association with him over a long period of years. In his introduction, the faithful secretary announces that it is his intention to reveal the whole D'Annunzio, the man, the soldier, the poet, the lover, and the patriot. This he does with surprising candor, with no effort whatever to conceal any of the really sordid facts of the poet's life. Indeed, there is an amazing artlessness and naiveté in the private revelations that at times overbalance the impression of shock and disgust that under a less sincere hand would certainly have predominated.

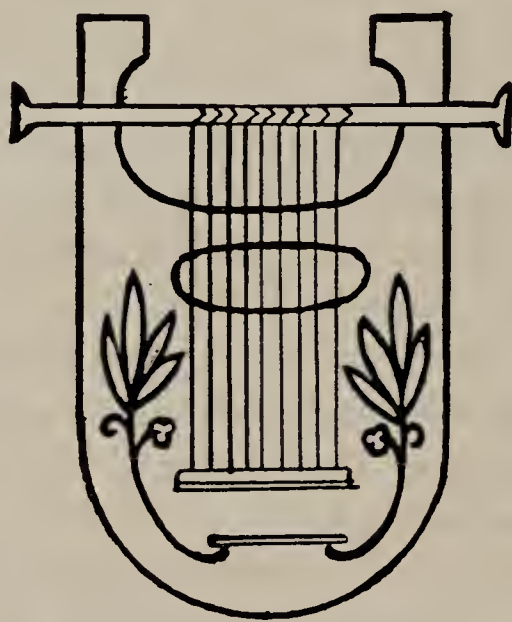
Antongini's style is a beautiful example of present-day naturalism. Without a doubt, he is an apt and faithful pupil of his master in this respect. His attitude briefly is this: There is nothing to conceal in the life of this extraordinary man; even the most intimate details of the various sex relationships of D'Annunzio must be revealed in order to draw a complete and finished portrait. After all, sex is the most important phase of a man's life (says Signor Antongini); there is no getting away

from it, so why try to gloss it over? Thence, the utter impersonality of the book!

Antongini does not fall short of his promise to present the whole D'Annunzio. The poet, in all his eccentricities and peculiarities, lives through the pages of the book. And it is an exceedingly long book! But at the end, the reader feels that here is a man who has lived a long life, a varied life, a Cellini-like life, but withal, a very incomplete life. For it is obvious that morally and spiritually D'Annunzio was, either wilfully or unconsciously, perverted.

Nevertheless, D'Annunzio is a fascinating story, told in a lively manner. Its subject was one of the most curious and unconventional personalities of modern times, living in one of the most vividly alive periods of Italian and European history.

F. C.



E. C. ECHOES

Literary Society

At the first meeting of the Literary Society, on October 4, plans for the coming year were discussed and outlined. The field of concentration is to be the drama, and members are being encouraged to write one-act plays.

At the meeting Jeanne Caulfield presented a critique of the dramatization of *It Can't Happen Here*, by Sinclair Lewis. Mary Donovan, President of the society, delivered a paper on the Summer Theatre.

Social Service Club

The newly formed Social Service Club met for the first time on October 6. Isabel Connelly, President, presented the speaker, Father John A. O'Brien, S.J., of Boston College, the subject of whose lecture was the *Co-operative Movement in Nova Scotia*.

The officers of the Society are Isabel Connelly, President; Elizabeth Coleman, Vice-President; Rita Omar, Secretary, and Virginia Balboni, Freshman Representative.

Classical Society

Ancient Rome, in all her former glory, was re-created as a scenic background for the Roman wedding presented by the Classical Society on October 6. Catherine Molloy, President, acted as Mistress of Ceremonies. Cicero, in brilliant senatorial splendor, gave in marriage his only daughter, Tullia, to the worthy *and* wealthy Gaius Piso. A sumptuous nuptial feast, including large slices of the wedding cake, was served to the guests.

Dramatic and Historical Societies

The Historical Society met in conjunction with the Dramatic Society on October 17. After an entertainment provided by Louise Tuomey, Eileen Kelly and Mary Agnes Clifford, tea was served. The officers of each society officiated as pourers.

The Junior members of the Dramatic Society presented "Patsy," a one-act play, on Wednesday, November 9. The cast included Frances Mahoney, in the title role. Rose McBrien, Emma Comerford, Miriam Creedon, Rita Sharry and Mary Phelan.

Le Cercle Louis Veuillot

Eleanor Spillane, President of the Cercle Louis Veuillot, welcomed M. François Le Brière, the French Consul, to the first meeting on October 19. The highlight of the afternoon was the presentation by M. Le Brière of prizes to the highest ranking French student in each class for the year 38-39. The recipients were Mary Virginia O'Neil '38, President of Le Cercle last year, Sister Josephine Collette '39, Helen Wright '40, and Thérèse Senecal '41.

Epilogue

The members of the Epilogue Staff were hostesses at a style show and tea on November 2. The fashions were sponsored by Filene's and were modeled by students chosen from each class. These were Patricia Gormley, Eleanor Donahue, Dorothy Noonan and Aloyse Tuohy, '39, Katherine Merrick and Veronica Shelley, '40, Frances Doherty, '41, Marguerite Grueter, '42.

Publicity

The Publicity Committee recently sponsored a raffle on a trip to New York. The chances were drawn off at assembly by Sister Helen Madeleine and the winner was Mrs. John Breen.

The Feast of Christ The King

On Friday, October 22, the student body assembled in the Chapel to celebrate the Feast of Christ the King. Dorothy Noonan '39, President of the Sodality, attended by Senior Committee members, crowned the statue of the Sacred Heart, following which the Act of Consecration was recited.

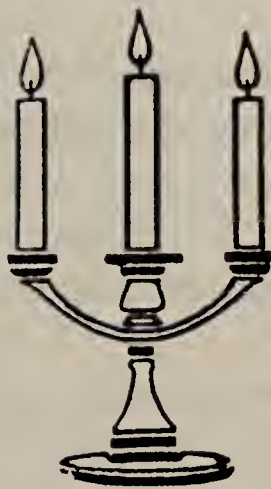
Musical and German Clubs

On Monday, October 31, the Musical Society and the German Club held a joint meeting. An interesting entertainment, of a musical nature, was followed by refreshments, consisting of apples and cider.

The members of the ETHOS Staff wish to express their sympathy to

Claire Murphy on the death of her mother ;
Esther Kerrigan on the death of her mother ;
Irene Murphy on the death of her aunt ;
Barbara Duffy on the death of her mother ;
Rita Murray on the death of her father ;
Cynthia Dolan on the death of her father ;
Eileen Knight on the death of her mother ;
Mary Acton on the death of her aunt ;
Isabel Goreski on the death of her mother.
Catherine Twomey on the death of her mother.

REQUIESCANT IN PACE



ALUMNAE NEWS

Class of '36

Anne Quinlan, after receiving her degree from the Boston College School of Social Service in June, is employed by the Children's Friend Society of Boston. Mary Shannon, who also received her degree from the Boston College School of Social Service, is engaged in social work in Providence.

Teaching are Helen Goodwin, in Dorchester; Rita Shea in Somerville; Frances Carr and Eleanor Fallon in Cambridge, and Dorothy Londergan in Gloucester.

Margaret Mackin is employed at the Catholic Charitable Bureau in Boston.

Mary Roche and Mary Rita Connelly are laboratory technicians; the former is at the Carney Hospital and the latter at the Mattapan Hospital.

Mari-Elizabeth McCarthy received her Master of Arts Degree from Radcliffe in June and is now doing newspaper work.

Helen Kelly has announced her engagement to Mr. William C. Ray.

Class of '37

Among members of the class of '37 who are teaching are Elizabeth Steinkrauss at the Blessed Sacrament School in Cambridge, Margaret Logue at Mission High School in Roxbury, and Ruth Henderson in the Hudson High School. Marjorie Nyhan was dance instructor at the Sargent School of Physical Education Camp.

Among those who completed their graduate studies are Barbara McGrath, Katherine Herlihy, and Anna Sheehan, who received the degree of Master of Education at the Boston Teachers College. Anna Sheehan is now teaching chemistry at Emmanuel.

Betty Vatter and Rita Morris received their certificates from the Katherine Gibbs Secretarial School in June. Betty is now employed in an engineering firm on State Street. Loretta

Murphy and Angelina Graham received degrees in Secretarial Science from Boston University. Amelia Campbell has been studying at Bridgewater State Teachers College.

Mary Kelliher is working at the East Boston Court House.

Helen Delaney has been appointed in the Cambridge Public Library.

Yolanda Lodie has been working in the office of a Boston attorney.

Ellen Dorsey became the bride of Mr. William Whelan on October 12.

Class of '38

Members of the class of '38 who are teaching are Dorothy Anderson, who is in Boston, Margaret Cashin in Everett, Esther Farrington at Sainte Chrétienne Academy in Salem, Katherine Gaughen, substitute teaching in Weymouth, Louise Keenan teaching adult classes in Waltham and Belmont, and Claire Killian, who is teaching in Everett. Barbara Gill, Rita Crispo and Agnes O'Brien are teaching adult classes in Somerville.

Advancing in graduate studies are Dorothy Cummings and Gertrude Collins, who are studying for an M.A. at Boston College; Patricia Lyons, Mary Mahoney and Rita Walsh, who are at the Boston College School of Social Service, and Roberta Taylor, who is following the Master of Education course at Boston Teachers College.

Margaret Horgan and Katherine Buckley are doing laboratory work, the former at Harvard and the latter as assistant to Doctor Finnerty on Bay State Road.

Mary Conley is a librarian in the Lynn Public Library.

Mary Flannery is doing social work at the Sherborn Reformatory.

Margaret Cahill is a reporter on the *Medford Mercury*.

Rosemary McLaughlin is working on the *Boston Globe*.

Harriet Carritte, to whom we are grateful for this report, is employed in the office of Adult Alien Education in the State House.

We wish to express our condolences to Ella Stabile on the death of her mother and to Helen Sicari on the death of her father.

IN THIS ISSUE

Mary Donovan

Mary has a faculty of choosing just the right phrase to express the right idea, and a style that is tempered with a soft-spoken, easy humor. In her straightforward criticism of summer theatre productions, she reveals an ability to "see things steadily and to see them whole." Her opinions, on a subject that is calculated to interest everyone, are unbiased, unprejudiced, and sincere.

Jane Prout

Things unusual hold a fascination for Jane; and the presence at Emmanuel of foreign students and students who have studied abroad, is of course, unusual. So, in her own chatty manner, she has approached these girls with a view to getting first-hand information on foreign life. For the past two weeks, Jane could be seen in the Cafeteria, in the corridors, at lunch time or between classes, listening intently to what they had to tell her. The exhaustlessness of her subject so impressed her that at the end of her article she throws out one of her pertinent suggestions, "Why don't you make the acquaintance of these girls?" Certainly, her article will inspire us to do just that.

Katherine Merrick

We owe our short stories for this issue to Juniors. Katherine Merrick comes forward with a pathetic little tale of a small boy and his father. A terse, matter-of-fact style is exactly opposite to what one would expect from carefree, merry Kay Merrick, but as a certain faculty member would say, "Well, there you have it, you see!" We sincerely hope that Katherine will favor the ETHOS with more stories in future.

Helen Collins

Another Junior reveals an amazing aptitude for psychological analysis. Helen Collins analyzes minutely the mind of a cow-

ard who recognizes his own cowardice. Helen's use of the short, simple sentence (a style which we have heretofore deplored in modern writing) conveys forcefully an impression of terror, self-hatred, and finally despair, and is, in this particular instance, admirably effective.

Margaret Conley

Margaret Conley takes time off from *Français dix-neuf* and *Français quatorze*, etc. to breathe deeply and freely, and to indulge in a bit of verse. Result: *The Temple*, a beautiful thought couched in simple yet highly imaginative phraseology. Having completed her poem, Margaret returns to her various French courses with a sigh that says plainly,

"Inspirations may come and Inspirations may go, but French goes on forever."

Clare Stanton

Clare has already a reputation as a poet at Emmanuel. We have met with her poetry before in the pages of last year's *ETHOS*. Thought, form, expression—all are exquisitely moulded into little poems that bespeak true inspiration. A gift that is the most precious and rare that God bestows, and admirably displayed by Clare!

Helen Cullen

Here we have a little Freshman with an imagination that carries us off far into the realms of fantasy and dreams. We think you will enjoy the curious little sea-sketches as much as we did. A bit different, a bit unusual but wondrously charming!

Deirdre Dalton

Book reviews are perhaps the most difficult things to write, for the reviewer is constantly trying to draw the line between what he likes, as a reader and a person, and what he likes, according to literary and artistic principles. Deirdre Dalton, with an eye to the intention of the authors and a faculty for picking out essentials gives criticisms that are neither personal nor impersonal, but that are just a pleasant combination of both.

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